TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

MONTREAL has carried her civic reform measures by a decisive majority. It was time. Never in the history of Canada has there been unearthed such a specimen of civic squalor as that opened to public gaze by the investigation before Royal Commissioner Cannon. In no one department investigated has honesty, uprightness and capacity been shown. The evidence has all gone to prove graft, great and small, in every department under aldermanic care.

Commissioner Cannon did not even attempt to go into all the departments. Every lid lifted showed decayed matter in the barrel, and he probably concluded that there was even such a thing as getting too much decomposition and so declared the investigation closed. Previous to the vote on Monday last the feeling very generally prevailed among Montreal's sterling citizens that the measures for better government would not win by large majorities. So long had these citizens lived under the lash of civic mismanagement, that it was hardly thought possible to turn the "system" upside-down in one clear voting day. The victory, however, was decisive, for out of 20,000 votes cast there were upward of 17,000 for a reduction of aldermen; upward of 16,000 for the Board of Control and over 10,000 majority against the Board of Works, the latter being a scheme by which the aldermen hoped to retain powers which would otherwise fall into the hands of the Board of Control. Every ward and every polling station gave majorities against these aldermen who would misgovern in spite of the investigation, in spite, seemingly, of anything the citizens might do to prevent it.

These grafting aldermen, about 23 in number (for, strange as it may appear, there are honest aldermen in Montreal in spite of what has been brought out during the investigation), made every possible effort to defeat the reforms. Race and religious prejudices were appealed to. The electors were told by these grafting aldermen and their friends that if the Board of Control became a fact the end of the French-Canadian as a governing power was at hand. They were further told by these spellbinders that their religion would suffer, for the English, they said, would come into power, and the voters of the poorer class were warned that there would be less work under a new regime.

That a large majority of Montreal's voters are neither fools nor knaves Monday's vote conclusively shows, for these racial appeals fell upon barren ground, even in the former strongholds of these petty grafters.

In spite of its seriousness there is something humorously droll and ridiculous in the attitude of a majority of Montreal's City Council. At a recent meeting of that body the Hon. Mr. Lemieux was severely criticised for having used in a speech some strong language respecting Montreal's municipal misgovernment. At this aldermanic indignation meeting Alderman Proulx was the chief spokesman and mover of the resolution, and it will be remembered by those who have followed the evidence that it was the same Alderman Proulx, the grafter chief, who was accused before the Royal Commission with crooked work in every department in which he had a hand. A specimen of the alderman's hide should be donated to the nearest museum, for surely nothing of like thickness was ever before possessed by man.

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THE riot and rowdyism now prevalent in England among the so-called Suffragettes has ceased to be a joke. In Birmingham recently, where Premier Asquith was addressing a political meeting, these termagants succeeded in turning a fair section of that manufacturing centre upside-down. From the vantage point of a roof they hurled slate at the police who were endeavoring to dislodge them, while little bombs containing small charges of fulminate, a high explosive, were also utilized by these infuriated Amazons. Even cold water from the business end of a fire hose appears from the despatches to have had little effect upon them, and only after the hardest kind of a fight in which one constable was seriously wounded, were these suffragettes put to flight. As Mr. Asquith left the hall where he was speaking, slates were hurled at the automobile, but fortunately for the Premier, and unfortunately for the surrounding crowd, the aim was bad, for Mr. Asquith escaped unharmed, while several lookers-on in the street were badly hurt. A certain section of the community has up to very recently displayed a good amount of sympathy for these women in their attempt to obtain votes for themselves. But this has now practically disappeared, for they have repeatedly shown within recent months that a term in jail would be a more fitting reward for their misdeeds than a franchise.

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THAT the average clergyman does not pay so much for what he buys as the average layman, is a matter of common knowledge. He gets discounts on every side. This custom on the part of tradesmen may be a good business policy, or it may be an expression of respect for the ministerial profession, or it may be merely the survival of an ancient custom. But still the fact remains that a clergyman gets rebates from his grocer and his clothier and from nearly everybody else he deals with. He is given special rates on railroads and steamship lines. And as for such items as medical attention or legal advice, he seldom regards himself as indebted at all. Any doctor or lawyer will tell you that clergymen will take up their time and make use of their services without any thought of giving a return—except, perchance, a spiritual one. In fact, I know of one doctor who, after having given a great deal of attention to the family of a clergyman in his neighborhood, received a trifling Christmas present as an acknowledgment of his services. He was so astonished—not at the trifling nature of the gift, but at getting it at all—that he used to display the gift much in the same spirit as a farmer would exhibit a two-headed calf.

My attention has been called to this question of clerical rebates by an article from the Milwaukee Living Church, a clerical publication. The article, which is written by the Rev. Kenneth Ripley Forbes, is quoted at length in The Literary Digest. The author denounces the custom in good set terms, as "a barrier between the priest and his people," as "a denial of democracy," and "in principle even more obnoxious than the commercial rebate." And then he goes on to ask what reason there is for a clergyman being able to buy his food or his furniture or his clothes or anything else at a lower price than any of his parishioners. I cannot do better than quote the author's own words:

"Is his salary less than the average wage received by any of his parishioners? If so, there is something vitally wrong either with the parish or the minister, which can in no wise be remedied by the discounts store-keepers may be willing to allow him. If his salary is not less than the average of his parishioners' wages, what moral right has he to accept trade favors simply as a member of a privileged class, which are denied to every one of his lay brethren? The whole custom is nothing more nor less than the survival of the medieval attitude of the clergy. To be sure, from the standpoint of certain tradesmen, it may be a politic and paying policy. The clergyman is generally a man of influence in the community. His trade will attract the trade of others who look to him for standard and example. It will pay in the end to offer him inducements to trade with you. But whether this be sound commercial policy or not is beside the mark. On the part of the clergyman it is not sound Christian policy for him to accept such economic class-advantage. It removes him one step further away from his people."

This subject unimportant as it may seem at first sight, is really deserving of close attention, especially on the part of those who are interested in present day church problems. The growing failure of clerical influence, which is one of the outstanding features of the religious movement of the times, is no doubt due to a great complexity of causes. But it seems to me there can be little question that one of the contributing factors towards building up a distinct prejudice against clergymen, especially among the poorer classes, is this system of rebating. People are notoriously jealous of privilege in these democratic days, and it certainly does not tend to strengthen the bond between pastor and people that the layman should see his minister paying ten per cent. less than himself for everything he buys. In the eyes of the average workman this is apt to savor even of parasitism. The whole question is a very serious one. It calls for the immediate and earnest attention of the clerical profession, for these are times when the priest depends as never before on his personal influence. It used to be that the mere fact of his spiritual mission was enough to command respect and give him a high prestige. But now he must depend on his own personality for his influence. His claim to spiritual leadership is being based more and more on his intellectual insight, his traits of character, and above all on his sincerity and independence. If he is to be a powerful influence for good, he must lead the same life as his people, and live it better than they. He must be one of them, meeting the same conditions of life as they meet, if his example and his teaching are to be efficacious in any large measure. And there is nothing that would sooner destroy this sympathy and comradeship between priest and people than the enjoyment by the clergy of such special privileges as these clerical rebates.

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THE laboratory of the Inland Revenue Department cheers us up in its last bulletin with the glad tidings that out of all the ginger we use not much over one-third is either doubtful or adulterated. However, we have still something for which to be thankful—the analyst tells us that instead of ginger we are getting flour and starch, and at least these are presumably harmless. Some of the particulars in this report are interesting. For instance, I find one sample marked "Pure Jamaica" which contains 35 per cent. of wheat, maize and rice, while another labelled "Standard Ginger" contains 25 per cent. of wheat starch. In both these cases the manufacturers are prominent Canadian firms and the prices paid for the samples by the Government's agent were the same as the pure article could be bought for. In ground ginger sold in bulk, the report indicates that adulteration is carried on to a still greater extent; in some cases matter other than ginger being present to the extent of forty and fifty per cent. In one instance the Government inspector purchased in the city of Ottawa three-quarters of a pound of "ground ginger," which upon analysis turned out to be just half ginger and the other half maize starch.

At the recent annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association the question of labelling our manufactured articles with a "Made in Canada" tag took prominent place, and I am now wondering if the gentlemen who put up the "fake" ginger and who are members of the Association discoursed upon this phase. Surely it is time for Ottawa to take up seriously the question of a pure food act. If we are not being poisoned we are at least being cheated. If a spice manufacturer desires to put up spices that are half spices and the other half only discoverable by analysis, then let him be obliged by law to so label his concoctions. It is said that a full half of the world is honest; but it's just as well to keep an eye on the other half.

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"THE cry of Imperial danger and the frenzy worked up to militarize the Dominion of Canada and other self-governing units of the Empire, reserved to lead the world into an era of peace, is a colossal folly—a crime of crimes."

The above paragraph is quoted from the literature of the Canadian Peace and Arbitration Society—headquarters in the city of Toronto—and speaks for itself. This society has been formed, with Sir William Mulock as its president, and Rev. Dr. C. S. Eby, secretary, for the purpose of serving as an antidote to the war specialists who of late have had more than a fair proportion of public notice. That the Canadian Peace and Arbitration Society will ever receive the attention it deserves, however, I very much doubt. For strange and contradictory as it may appear, peace, except in war times—when it is for the most part impossible—is about as unpopular a tune as ever was played. Peace promotes prosperity and advancement; peace stands for the highest development of human happiness, and peace stands for the highest principles of statesmanship. But peace is nevertheless unpopular. Why? Well, peace doesn't wear a uniform, and peace doesn't trail with a brass band.

The particular work of the Canadian Peace and Arbitration Society at the moment is calling attention to the fact that Canada is the least war-cursed of all nations. "For a hundred years she has had no war," says the Society. "She has no burdensome national debt incurred by war. She has no heavy pension list. There are no mutual prejudices between her and other peoples, such as war always creates."

A petition emanating from the Society and addressed to His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada in Council, asks that the Government of Canada either alone or jointly with that of the United States, as may be deemed expedient, arrange for a national or international commemoration of the hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States.

Even the most strident military man among us would, I presume, have no great objection to celebrating, along about 1815, this century of peace.

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LEST we should incline to a big head over our wheat-growing here in Canada, it may be well to remark that according to semi-official figures the Dominion is eleventh on the list as regards production among the wheat-growing countries of the world, being exceeded this year, according to the latest figures, by the United States, Russia, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, the Balkan States, India and Argentine. It might be remarked, however, that Canada has this year grown more wheat in proportion to her population than any country in the world, the Argentine Republic alone excepted. A few thousand more farms in the West and a million or so additional immigrants will soon overcome advantages now held by the older countries.

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A TORONTO daily takes the stand that universalizing race track gambling will have a tendency to drive the sport out of Canada, and therefore that the Hon. Mr. Murphy and his interpretation of the law governing the issuance of Dominion charters is doing more, unintentionally perhaps, toward the abolition of such sport than the Moral Reform Association and all the churches put together.

The point is well taken, for the average citizen, whether or not he runs in harness with the Rev. Dr. Chown and the Moral Reform Association, is unalterably opposed to indiscriminate racing and the class of gamblers and touts that this so-called sport brings in its trail. In these columns I have before pointed out how in New York state a good old sport was damaged beyond repair by these same methods.

Canadians want horse racing. Racing as a sport is preeminent. It is the sport of sports, the sport of kings. It lies largely with Premier Whitney and his Cabinet to say whether it will continue on good broad lines, or whether it will die, choked to death, as it must be eventually, if the gambler element is allowed to predominate.

If the Secretary of State finds that he must grant charters to such organizations as the Metropolitan Racing Association, then let Premier Whitney more than offset the harm done by limiting racing in the province of Ontario to say four weeks in each year, to be divided between perhaps Hamilton and Toronto, with the bookmaking element entirely eliminated.

A limitation to four weeks per year within the confines of the province would mean that during this period we would be assured of good racing upon first-class tracks, and such gambling shops as the Metropolitan Racing Association would be forced out of business.

But what will the bet-loving public do if the bookmaker is shut out? is the natural question. Substitute for the bookmaker the old-time Paris mutuals, operated by the Jockey Clubs themselves. Of course, this view of the question will not meet with the approval of the Moral Reform Association, nor of the Rev. Dr. Chown, but it would, I imagine, meet with the approval of the average man who still loves a horse and a horse race. The Paris mutual, operated by responsible Jockey Clubs, upon a moderate percentage, half of which might be donated to some worthy object, the city hospitals for instance, would not only eliminate the bookmakers, but the touts would cease to have occupations and the crooks without a means of livelihood would be obliged to seek pastures new.

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AFTER reading Sir W. B. Hamilton's recollections of forty-four years in the Colonial Office, one may be forgiven for cracking a joke occasionally at the average Englishman's ignorance of colonial matters.

"Take any average gathering of English gentlemen, at a club, a dinner-party, a meet of hounds, or anywhere else, and—barring soldiers who have seen foreign service, sailors, and officials—I very much doubt," says the writer, "whether even now one in five would be able to define correctly the difference between a Crown and a self-governing colony, or even to say where half of them were. You may endeavor to explain, but it is of no use; they look at you hopelessly, and go away sorrowfully; it is too much for them, and they give it up."

But come to think of it, I wonder what proportion of Canadians could off-hand define correctly the difference between a Crown and a self-governing colony. Try it on a few of your friends.

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THE Cook-Peary controversy as to who did or did not discover the North Pole has incidentally brought out a great deal of material from all sources regarding the Eskimo, his ceremonials, modes of life and code of morals. In the lone Northland there is no Senatorial committee to look after divorces, but for untutored savages they appear to get along fairly well. Eskimo couples are generally kind and affectionate toward each other. we are told, and the wife is usually well treated, at least according to their code. This admits only of entire obedience upon the part of the wife, although henpecked husbands are not unknown. She must submit to being exchanged

C. C. CHISHOLM PREMIER RUTHERFORD LIEUT.-GOV. BULYEA
ALBERTA ALBERTA ALBERTA
FATHER LACOMBE LORD STRATHCONA

Recent visit of Lord Strathcona to scenes of his early activities in the Northwest. Seated beside His Lordship is Father Lacombe, who for sixty years has been a missionary in the West, and who during all that time has called Strathcona his friend. Lord Strathcona's arm, injured in a runaway accident during his Western trip, was, it will be noted, still in a sling when the photograph was taken.

when her husband and some friend arrange the matter without consulting her, and for as long or short a time as her lord pleases. These exchanges are often arranged for her interest, however, as when she cannot accompany her husband on a hunting expedition and he takes a friend's wife instead, leaving the friend in charge of his own; or when a homesick girl wants to visit her people, when, if her husband cannot take her, some other man undertakes the journey and leaves his wife as hostage. Refractory wives are exchanged also by way of punishment. An Eskimo always travels with his wife or a borrowed one; therefore the wifeless plight of explorers awakens astonishment and compassion.

Travellers tell us much of the fashions among these dusky Northern belles. The topknot of an East Arctic Eskimo woman is her pride and vanity. She uses unpleasant unguents to make her black hair sleek and glossy, and ties it with a leather thong so tightly that the hair is pulled from forehead and neck in a most unlovely manner. A stiff, tight knot is arranged to stand up on the top of her head. The higher and stiffer her topknot, the more of a belle will be its owner.

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IN all the impressive celebrations which signalized the visit of the Czar to England, there was one thing one never lost sight of, and that was the continual presence of the most elaborate precautions against assassination. Even in the pictures of the Czar which filled the English illustrated papers—the Czar leaving his yacht, the Czar landing on British soil, the Czar visiting the church where Queen Victoria used to pray, the Czar doing any one of a hundred things which are interesting only because he was the person doing them—in all these pictures the strong bodyguard was always in evidence. Even while on board his yacht, where he spent most of his time for obvious motives of safety, the unfortunate man could not get away from a cordon of keepers. Nor were they dissembled, so as to lull him into some sense of security and peace. One can't very well dissemble a couple of Dreadnoughts, not to speak of two Russian cruisers as well, which stood guard about the royal yacht. So that every time poor Nicholas poked his head out on deck he was greeted with the sight of sentries on watch and yawning cannon. It was certainly enough to make him yawn, too, now and then. Think of looking out on the world through the cracks between warships! It might be amusing for a day or so; but a lifetime of that sort of thing would be very much what Sherman called war. And yet Nicholas has to stay right with his job. He can't even get away for a couple of weeks from it, and go off somewhere to catch fish or shoot deer and live on camp-beans and prunes like the rest of us. If he went shooting he'd probably end up in some anarchist's gamebag.

This is where the ordinary person is well off, only the ordinary person doesn't know it, but has to be told so every now and then. It is the easiest thing in the world to read people a lecture on contentment, but such efforts, however excellent in intention, are apt to be rather futile in effect. Still, such an example of the pains of greatness as is given by the Czar of all the Russias should be of some weight in reconciling Tom, Dick, or Harry to the discomfort of eighteen per. It is certainly bad enough to have to save up for a couple of months to get a ready-made suit of clothes; but for real solid comfort such a situation as this is away ahead of being obliged to wear a suit of chain-mail every day in the week, with an extra thick one on Sundays. And the worst of it for the poor Czar—how natural it is to speak of him in pitying terms—is that he lives in a state of chronic "blue funk." He spends most of his nights and all his days being scared to death. He has not the personal courage of the Kaiser, who with all his faults has at least abundance of nerve. But they say that even the Kaiser turned rather pale around the gills once while on a visit to England. A photographer came up rather close on the German Emperor and clicked his camera. It was an unusually loud click and was unpleasantly suggestive of a cocked revolver. For an instant the Kaiser went rather white, but he never flinched. And then there was the old Shah of Persia, the grandfather of the little chap who now occupies the peacock throne. He was a precious old scallawag of a particularly free and easy type. But when an assassin poked a revolver in his face while driving in Paris and pulled the trigger twice, the old Shah sat there like a wooden idol with a sort of contemptuous smile on his dissipated old features and never batted an eye. But, of course, that is a peculiarly Oriental kind of courage. And even for a man like the Shah, while he displayed such magnificent self-control, the situation can hardly be regarded as a pleasant or even moderately comfortable one. And he was liable to that sort of thing every moment of his life. But for the unfortunate Czar, with his weak nerves and his well known fear of death, such a life must be one long-drawn shudder. The thought of it strengthens me in my resolution to refrain from being a Czar. I don't know of any job I would be slower to accept.

THE COLONEL.

The Railway Department and the Education Department of Cape Colony, South Africa, have devised a railway school system for the education of children living in out-of-the-way places and who are unable to attend the regular schools. Wherever railway employes can guarantee an average attendance of ten children or more, suitable quarters and a certified teacher are provided. Children of railway employes are carried to and from these schools free of charge and are charged slightly lower fees than in the regular government public schools; they must also provide their own books and stationery. No objection is raised to the attendance of the children of farmers who also may be living beyond the convenience of any government public school. An official of the railway, known as the education officer, acts as manager of all the railway schools, and where there are a sufficient number of parents they form local committees to assist him in managing the affairs of the school. He is always more or less guided by the opinions of the stationmasters or head officials of the railway. The schools are inspected regularly by the inspectors of the Education Department, and the children are advanced according to the standards of the public school systems. The pupils attending these schools range in years from five to fifteen. For the year 1908 there were established forty-one of the railway schools and 2,133 children were enrolled.

A paper on "Old Edinburgh" by Professor Archibald Henderson will appear in the next number of Harper's. Mr. C. K. Shorter, by the way, comments upon the feeling of the wanderer in the old Scotch city that its best known men of letters are not without honor, and he asserts that in Scotland only of the three kingdoms is there any very genuine reverence to-day for literature and for literary men.

What the English Say of Themselves

By MARY MacLEOD MOORE

WHEN Mr. Dooley moralized over the dangers which resulted from "undherestimatin' the inimy" he had no need to speak of those threatening a people that underestimated itself, for he was writing in the American press. And underestimating themselves is something from which the people of that nation need not pray "Good Lord deliver us."

It is quite different with the English as a race. They systematically underestimate themselves. They call attention in the public prints to their faults, and those which they think they have, and they listen with humility while the peoples of other lands tell them what they think of the English system of railways, the education of girls, the English husband, the tyranny of man, and the iniquity of eating unsalted butter and drinking tea before breakfast.

Suppose the would-be admiring Canadian, Australian, or South African has never been in the Old Country. He must take his views of that famous and much-revered land and its inhabitants from what he reads in the papers of that country. He thinks, naturally, that the English people must know themselves better than anyone else can know them.

"Go to!" he says, "I will not heed the babbling of jealous rivals. I will go to the spring and drink thereof."

This idea, albeit the metaphors are a little mixed, commends itself to him so strongly that he buries himself in the English papers, and studies seriously such

articles as deal with English characteristics. He gloats over these, for he feels that he is seeing the Englishman as he sees himself.

But with what result, I ask you?

The saddened Colonial learns from what the English say of themselves that the Englishman is one of the rudest men in the civilized world; that he is stiff and cold to strangers; that there is nothing of "letting himself go" about the true Englishman; that he is insular and prejudiced; that he prides himself on knowing little or nothing of the rest of this globe; that he is a mass of conceit; that he has no sense of humor; that he takes his pleasure sadly; that English hotel life is dreary; that the English breakfast is a disgrace; that the climate is shocking; that English table manners are bad; that English women have no taste in dress; that even the English complexion, to which we have clung when all else was taken from us, is not what we have supposed.

But worse, far worse, I warn you, is to come. In his morbid desire to put his people in the worst possible light in the eyes of the world he even "says things" of the Englishwoman herself.

It is not so very long since an English weekly of good standing (and so far as this writer knows the building was not wrecked) stated that the English girl was stupid, self-conscious and cold. In fact it was intimated that a pretty, good-tempered idiot was an English ideal of womanhood.

And this is what the English say of themselves! Apart from any considerations of justice and so on, is it not a wrong thing so to mislead the outside world?

If the admiring and loyal Colonial reads these things and ponders over them, so does the American, the Frenchman, the German and all the other friends and enemies of England.

"It must be true," they say, sadly or gleefully, according to the love they bear the greatest Empire the world has known, "for they say it themselves."

This is regarded as quite final. They say it themselves.

Having read the statements made in the modern press the Colonial arrives in England for his first visit, steeped in English history and tradition, but almost prepared to learn that the Abbey and the Tower are merely wooden structures and as far from the ideal as everything else.

What does he find?

He discovers that he is met with a courtesy such as cannot be surpassed anywhere; with a kindness which has a personal touch about it. He sees Englishmen smiling cheerfully while in conversation, instead of glowering and formal; he finds, if not a desire to hear about other countries, at least a willingness that the Colonial should enjoy himself talking about them; he finds the average Englishman ready to admit the faults of the country, and to claim a few, for good measure, which are not his by right of birth, or by possession of a later date; he finds the sun shining; he finds English hotels, like English manners, far from what he has been told they are; and best of all, he finds the English girl as beautiful, sweet, and charming as he has always hoped she was.

And a Canadian who had learned for ages of the lack of humor of the English received a shock when he saw, at a very clever "show" a handsome, well-bred Londoner warding off hysteria, induced by a too-thorough appreciation of the jokes.

As an example of what can be done by advertising take the American nation. Its methods are in direct contrast to those of the English. The people are clever and enterprising and they want to have it known. There is nothing American mentioned in an American newspaper that is not better and finer or more beautiful than anything else in the world. They say it themselves. Every American girl is brilliant, beautiful, bewitching. She is an uncrowned queen; she looks like one's ideal of a duchess, and she has forgotten more about dress than the rest of the world ever knew. All American institutions are the best; the record-breakers in every line are to be found in the United States.

Even the friends of the United States and the admirers of the Americans find this habit of boastfulness amusing, but it has its uses. Advertising pays. Statements reiterated stick in the mind and after a time are not disputed.

No one wants England to adopt boastfulness as a habit, but is there no medium? Why delude the simple Colonial? Why give the outside world a false impression?

If in the family circle Amanda is sulky and Jane bites her nails we do not bawl it from the housetops. We do not write post-haste to tell our friends and relatives—though we know they would be deeply interested—that our new relative John has an uncle in the lunatic asylum. If they find it out so much the worse, but we expose a united front to the world.

Does this English peculiarity mean that the English consider themselves all that they say? Is it modesty which leads them to make and accept statements of which they are the victims?

the darkest evidence of self-satisfaction.

If the first, then pray you print such statements for private circulation only. If the second, then the methods of Christian Science in denying disease may be of some avail. If the last, silence is more polite on the part of the Colonial, than suggestion for a cure.

LONDON, September, 1909.

A Good Story Recalled.

SUPPOSE within a few days a gentleman should arrive at London or Berlin from the far north claiming to be one or the other of the two discoverers of the long sought pole. Suppose he is received with high acclaim, is the subject of unlimited oratory, is the guest of honor at many banquets, the whole land rings with his praise. Suppose that a few days later another gentleman arrives from the far north with the claim that he, he alone, has discovered the coveted pole, and the man who has received the honors and the banquets has left nothing for him, although the first comer may prove to be a faker and a fraud.

Something very like this (so The Indianapolis News reminds us) did once happen. The Spanish Ambassador was expected to arrive at Southampton, England. A mischievous idea came into the head of Theodore Hook (born 1788, died 1841), novelist and journalist, and above all contriver of that diversion known as the hoax. The English fleet was lying off Southampton. Hook, then a young man, knew many of the younger officers. He formed his scheme and one morning a launch set out from the fleet and drew up at the quay.

In this launch was he who purported to be the Spanish Ambassador, in almost royal robes, arrived two days before the expected time. The Mayor of Southampton, who was to receive the Spanish envoy, was greatly flustered. It was all so sudden. He did the best he could. Several companies of soldiers, some on foot, some mounted, were called out. The bells were rung. The Ambassador, accompanied by a number of young officers of the fleet, was escorted with much pomp to the Mayor's palace. There was a banquet and speech making, one of the young officers acting as interpreter for the Ambassador.

After it was over and the Spanish envoy was supposed to be on his way to London the true Ambassador arrived. There was but a sorry reception for him. The other Ambassador, who was Theodore Hook, having perpetrated the greatest hoax ever known on a Mayor and a city, had exhausted the hospitality of the town. The scandal was so great, the Mayor and the people of Southampton had been so outrageously sold, that to make any stir about the affair would only cause them to be laughed at all the more. With the exception of the dismissal of some of the naval officers who had taken part in it little was done and the affair was allowed to blow over.

Lord Northcliffe in the West.

WESTERN newspapers and Western railwaymen have an idea that they are hustlers, but they readily yield the palm to the great English journalist who is now touring the West, and whom they admit is the livest wire that ever struck the prairie provinces. He is making a flying trip through the West and it is safe to say when he has returned he will know more about Western Canada from a social, economic, political, or any other old standpoint than the oldest old-timer west of the great lakes. No reporter was ever more of a walking interrogation point than Lord Northcliffe. He can interview more people and secure more information in the shortest possible time than any other man the West has ever seen. The West takes off its hat to Lord Northcliffe. He can beat it at its own game.

Many are the stories which are drifting in from the West of Lord Northcliffe's methods of securing first-hand information, and of his keen powers of observation. W. P. Hinton, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific, accompanied Lord Northcliffe over the new road as far as Edmonton.

"There was no chance to point out or explain anything to Lord Northcliffe," said Mr. Hinton in recounting his experiences. "Why he saw a thing and had it all sized up before you realized that he had noticed it at all. He wanted his information at first hand and he got it. Wherever he stopped he walked right up to the nearest man and pumped him full of questions that soon emptied him of everything that he knew about the country. He walked right into stores and talked to the me behind the counter as well as to the proprietors.

"In one town he walked into the newspaper office, shook hands with the editor and then walked into the composing room. One glance at the printer and he hailed him: 'What part of Kent are you from?' And before the printer had recovered from his astonishment he had told all about himself and his family and their experiences in the world."

During his trip to Edmonton Lord Northcliffe made several short excursions out into the country. He visited the farms, talked with the farmers and their wives, and in a brief few minutes had their whole life's story.

Professor Shipley, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, declares animal species are disappearing from the globe at a greater rate than ever.

STITT & COMPANY, Limited
11 and 13 KING ST. E.
Milliners, Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers.

LATEST CREATIONS IN COSTUMES and FRENCH PATTERN HATS from the LEADING FASHION SHOPS ON THE CONTINENT.

THE MOST PRETENTIOUS DISPLAY OF PATTERN GOWNS, SILKS, LACES, and SUITINGS EVER SHOWN in CANADA

Paris Kid Glove Store
LA GRECQUE CORSETS, LA SPIRITE, LA ADRIA.

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Business has not drifted our way blindly. We are continually planning and contriving to outdo, if possible, the attractiveness of past offerings; to give you a better and greater value in Wall Papers than may be had elsewhere. The stock is now in the fullness and perfection of readiness with experienced salesmen to give you attention.

WE DO PAINTING AND DECORATING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. ESTIMATES FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

A pleasant place to eat is the St. Charles Grill—an exceptionally good menu, prompt and courteous service.

Try the St. Charles for lunch or dinner or an after-theatre supper.

THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
60-70 Yonge Street

DISTINCTIVE FOOTWEAR

Ladies who desire to dress their feet in taste should have a look at our

1 2 & 3 Strap Pumps

"We have a Strap Pump of just your size and the style you like. It fits with perfect comfort from the beginning. It will not slip at the heel like some you may have worn. It is priced at less than some others charge for ill-fitting pumps."

We are showing a dull calf one strap pump at $3.00 that can't be duplicated.

H. & C. Blachford .... 114 .... YONGE STREET
"The Store that Fits the Feet."

THOROUGHLY GOOD JEWELLERY

Toronto's best families secure their Jewellery necessities from us, because our Jewels are good and the designs appeal to refined taste.

Wanless & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1840
396 Yonge St., - Toronto

GET READY
For The
HUNTING TRIP

We know and you know that to get the best results, the best guns and ammunition are imperative necessities.

SHOT GUNS.—If you are interested, see the latest model in the L. C. Smith one-trigger gun, made by the Hunter Arms Co. of Fulton, N.Y. Discharges both barrels with one trigger—no changing, relaxing, or regripping in which you vary the aim, and you can shoot just as well with as without gloves.

WE SELL, besides, the highest grades of English hammerless guns from such peerless makers as W. W. Greener and Cogswell & Harrison.

RIFLES.—You'd expect only the best in the world from us—the only kind we sell; Winchester, Marlin and Savage repeating rifles.

SMALL ARMS.—All the best automatic pistols and revolvers.

SIGHTS. The famous Watson and Lyman Sights for all kinds of shooting and every kind of firearm.

AMMUNITION. Come to us for everything you need. We have the safe and sure kinds and all the best of them.

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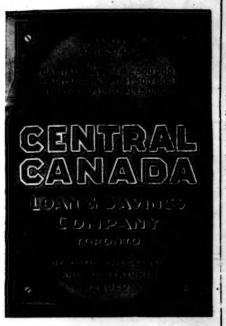
Every person with surplus money available for Investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly upon request.

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.
TORONTO - CANADA



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Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$25.55	$29.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

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Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED.
Toronto General Agents.

We Want You
to come and examine the latest models in
REGAL SHOES
—because we want to make you a regular customer, and we know this is the surest way of doing it.
They are the smartest ready-to-wear shoes designed this season—and Regal *quarter-sizes* give you an *exact* fit.

Fall Stock Now Complete
REGAL SHOE STORE
110 YONGE STREET

Phone Main 351. 28 Toronto St.
M. J. O'KEEFFE
FIRE PLACES
FLOOR AND WALL TILES
TORONTO

The question used to be, What lies around the North Pole? Now it is, Who lies about it?—New York World.

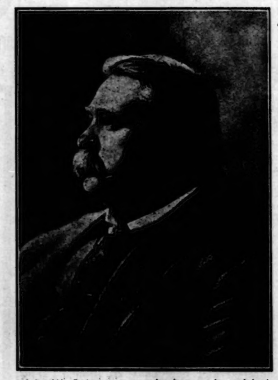
THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, SEPT. 22, 1909.

IT seems a great pity that while Commissioner Cannon was at it he did not get at the bottom of the dealings between the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company and the "Gang" at the City Hall. It will be remembered that MacLea Walbank, vice-president and general manager of the Power Company, testified before the Royal Commission that one of the aldermen had endeavored to hold up the company for $10,000, the same to be contributed toward the election fund of ten of the "company's friends," as the alleged grafter is said to have expressed himself in Mr. Walbank's presence. I might say right here that the man who endeavored to touch Mr. Walbank for ten thousand didn't know his man. He would under the circumstances be about the last individual in the world to give up. On the other hand Alderman Clearihue, who has for years been more or less interested in the stock market, and who at one time was a daily visitor at the brokerage office of Forget & Co., where I am under the impression he bought and sold stocks, previous to the falling out between the alderman and the Forgets over the Textile deal, testified before Commissioner Cannon, that he was twice approached by men close to the Light, Heat and Power Company. In one instance he testified that Power stock was offered him, and at another time the cold cash to the extent of some thousands of dollars was to be his if he rallied to the side of the Power Company. Those whom Alderman Clearihue entangled in the net in his testimony, go up on the stand and denied the gentle allegation. So there you are. Whom are you to believe? Of course Commissioner Cannon knows that some one is lying, but will he in his report make it clear whom he suspects? Well, I wonder!

Two men who will be remembered in Montreal—more especially in the near future in City Hall circles—are Mr. Justice Cannon and Mr. N. K. Laflamme, K.C. For months past it has been almost impossible to take up a daily paper in the city of Montreal without seeing something in it about the Royal Commission; and it had been impossible to read anything about the Royal Commission without being constantly reminded that these two men constituted the danger point to all offenders. It may seems strange that in a big city like Montreal there should be any suspicion, even, of deflection of justice because of race prejudice. Prejudices of one kind and another are not confined to Montreal, by any means, but here it is mostly in racial matters that it shows itself. Hence, a very fortunate choice was made in the two men mentioned. Commissioner Cannon, though he has an English name, is seldom at a loss in the intricacies of the French tongue, being familiar even with the idiom thereof. As for N. K. Laflamme, though French to the last ditch, he is thoroughly versed in the English language.



John W. Gates, a man who has made and lost fortunes in Wall Street, and who has been concerned in every wheat corner for many years.

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Work well Done.

The work of the Commission is now over and it is doubtful if ever work was more thoroughly performed. If, at the beginning of the enquiry, the opinion was more or less freely expressed that the moment the sins of those high in power began to attract attention the whole thing would be choked off or side-tracked, it soon became evident, even to the most skeptical, that they would have to revise their opinions. Early in the enquiry, the names of prominent citizens began to appear in the evidence and the interest of the public visibly increased. Witnesses attempted the customary subterfuges and the lawyers of many of the accused appeared in court and tried to obtain tender treatment for their clients All to no avail, however. N. K, Laflamme seemed to ask the very questions which, of all others, would get to the truth of the situation. Appeals by counsel of the witness brought little relief from Judge Cannon. The judge had broad powers and consistently followed the principle that the enquiry was for the purpose of uncovering wrongdoing and he subordinated all considerations to that end. For a time, the appeals to the bench were frequent, but as time went on they became less and less and eventually they disappeared almost altogether.

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Judge Cold Blooded.

The judge was one of the coldest blooded individuals in the court, thus being the ideal judge. When the exercise of sympathy or the fears of exposures or scandal might have moved the onlooker, he did not deviate from his object. He was dispassionate, and his calm voice and demeanor kept the court running on the rails most of the time. At times, however, he dropped a few words which showed conclusively that he considered the situation being disclosed a very deplorable one. At the final sitting of the commission, he stated that he considered the system proved—general reference to the practices charged being doubtless referred to. It is said that when he brings down his judgment, it will be contained in a document of but moderate length.

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Who Laflamme is.

Mr. Laflamme is a young man who has been coming to the front very rapidly, of late, and his services on the commission have doubtless done more towards making him known than anything that has happened him heretofore. Further, his services on the commission also went far towards making the commission known. His examination of the various witnesses was prosecuted with admirable results, thus furnishing the most reliable evidence of his qualifications for this branch of his profession. He has a rather pleasant manner, for the most part, proceeding to put his questions in a disinterested, casual sort of manner. Sometimes he seems to think they are of no very great importance and, if you don't feel like answering we'll just leave them and go on to something else. But that's only his little bluff. He doesn't forget for one minute what he is after and he is pursuing his point all the time. He is as alert when he is acting that way as he is when he turns suddenly and impales you with his intensity. These are doubtless lawyers' little tricks; at any rate, he gets results, and that is the final proof.

T. C. A.

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TORONTO, SEPT. 23, 1909.

THERE was a better feeling in speculative circles this week, although the bulk of the operations on the domestic Stock Exchange was put down to the boardroom element. However that may be, a little more interest was observable on the part of the outsiders or the public. There were more of this class apparently watching with interest the movements of the stock ticker. And it was occasionally heard: "Oh, I am not doing anything in stocks; I never do, but a friend of mine said to me the other day he had bought some Mackay, and I just want to see how she is going." Well, the interest in this issue is growing, and it is a year or two since the bulls and holders of the stock were as happy as now. The Mackay shares have been very widely distributed in Canada, few stocks more so. These issues were bought to a considerable extent owing to the fact that they had been recommended by the well-known firm of Osler & Hammond. Within the past couple of years not a little abuse has been cast at this house because upward prices had been checked by the depression and state of the money markets. But everything is lovely now. The stock has made good, selling at the highest price in the history of the companies. It sold at the middle of this week at 88¼, as compared with 69¾ in January. Last year the range was from 52 to 77⅞, and in 1907 from 75½ down to 41. The outstanding common shares ($41,350,400) have not been increased during the past four years, and the preferred shares ($50,000,000) have not been increased the past two years. The preferred stock is selling around 76 as against 69, the lowest of the year. Last year it sold at 59½ up to 71¼, while in 1907 it declined from 71½ to 49½. In 1906 the dividend on the common stock was increased from 2 to 3 per cent., and in 1907 from 3 to 4 per cent. It is expected that the company will pay 5 per cent. on these shares before a great while. The stimulus given to the stock was by reason of the purchase of $16,000,000 New York Telephone stock from the Western Union Co. by the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. It is well known that the Mackay Companies was the largest stockholder of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., the amount being 82,408 shares, worth $11,701,000, which is several millions more than the stock actually cost. Another interesting fact is that the Commercial Cable Co. is itself a large owner of securities, the amount on December 31 last being $10,525,489. The Mackay Co.'s system has $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 market value of investments in other companies besides its own cable and telegraph lines.

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Foreign Trade.

The foreign trade of Canada is expanding, there being another increase in both exports and imports for the month of August. Imports, however, are increasing much faster than exports. This is also true of the trade of the United States. It is argued there that the excessive imports mean that the trade is heavily discounting a return of enormous buying from the public. They did the same in 1895, also two years ago from the panic, and they over-discounted. Here, the large imports are no doubt being greatly encouraged by the flotation of so many Canadian securities in London, as well as the assurance that the future commerce of this country will be the greatest in its history. Usually the countries that have no occasion to rely on foreign capital for their industries, show excessive imports over exports. Great Britain in fact never has an export excess, while France in 1908 imported $165,000,000 more than it exported. The growth in Canada's exports are attributable in a large measure to increased production of wheat with an accompanying export supply. For instance, from the harvest of 1900 the Dominion exported 9,359,000 bushels of wheat, from the 1905 harvest 41,906,000 bushels, and of last year's harvest 45,879,000 bushels. Exports of last year's harvest included also ten millions of bushels of wheat in the shape of flour, making a total for the year of about 56,000,000 bushels, or about 18,000,000 bushels less than the total quantity of wheat inspected for sale in the three prairie provinces.

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Large Deposits.

When we include the foreign agencies of Canadian banks, the increase in deposits of our banks for the month of August was over $18,250,000. This brings the total deposits of these institutions up to $771,795,000, the largest amount in their history. A year ago the aggregate deposits were $656,082,000, two years ago $641,790,000, and three years ago $606,731,000—an increase of $165,000,000 in the three years. Purely Canadian depósits now amount to $700,988,000, an increase of $12,100,000 for the past month, an increase of $117,500,000 in the year, and an increase of $147,600,000 in three years.

The aggregate loans and discounts of our banks show

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington — West Toronto

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Money can be remitted to any part of the world by **Draft** or **Telegraphic Transfer**
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Capital Paid Up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000

The business man who requires an up-to-date banking service characterized by promptness, courtesy, intelligence and reasonableness should confer with the Northern Crown Bank. We offer you all the advantage of modern banking practice.

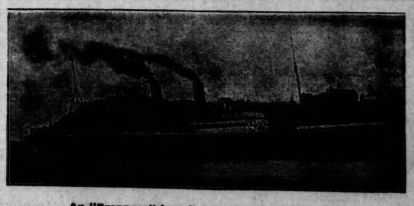
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES
Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS
Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques
Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn
PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
Toronto Office 48 Yonge St.

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - $1,277,404.49

Money risked makes your future uncertain.
Money invested in *SEASONED BONDS* gives you a steady income of 4½ to 5¼ per cent. Your income is never interrupted, never suspended, and the principal easily realized.
Whether you can buy only a single bond or many, write to
W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealer in Bonds 222 St. James Street, Montreal

SAFETY—SPEED—SPLENDOR
"EMPRESSES"
FASTEST AND FINEST IN CANADIAN SERVICE



An "Empress" Leaving Quebec for Liverpool.

Empress of Britain
Empress of Ireland
Hold the ATLANTIC RECORDS Between Canadian Ports and Liverpool.
900 miles in sheltered waters, and less than four days at sea.
Tickets and Information from any Railway or Steamship Agent, or W. C. ANNABLE, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.
S. J. SHARP, 71 Yonge St., TORONTO.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized	$10,000,000
Capital Paid-up	5,000,000
Reserve Fund	5,000,000

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Available in any part of the world.
Special Attention Given to Collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE
FIRST To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
To adopt Bilge Keels, - - - 1881 STEADY
To adopt Turbine Engines, - 1905 SWIFT

RECORD PASSAGE—The Turbine S.S. Victorian has made the fastest passage on record between Liverpool and Montreal—6 days 15 hours 3 minutes.

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

Tunisian	Sept. 10	Oct. 8	Nov. 5
Victorian	Sept. 17	Oct. 15	Nov. 11
Corsican	Sept. 24	Oct. 22	Nov. 19
Virginian	Oct. 1	Oct. 29	

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

Pretorian	Sept. 11	Oct. 9	Nov. 6
Hesperian	Sept. 18	Oct. 16	Nov. 13
Ionian	Sept. 25	Oct. 23	Nov. 20
Grampian	Oct. 2	Oct. 30	

MONTREAL TO LONDON VIA HAVRE, FRANCE

A weekly service of one class. "Second cabin" steamers. Superior accommodation. Moderate rates.

For full particulars apply "THE ALLAN LINE," General Agency for Ontario, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto.

HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION
Sept. 25 to Oct. 9

The route running along the Hudson River and hence the only line by which the points of historic interest can be seen.

Tickets by this line include the privilege of travelling in either direction without additional charge between New York and Albany via steamers of Hudson River (Day) Line or People's (Night) Line.

NEW YORK AND RETURN $15.85
Canadian Pacific—New York Central Lines.

Ask for descriptive literature.

The Four Track Route — CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY — Trains Run to Grand Central Depot

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

NEW YORK
$15.85 RETURN
FROM TORONTO
DAILY UNTIL SEPT. 30th
ACCOUNT
HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

Proportionate Rates from All Stations in Ontario

Return Limit Oct. 10th, 1909
THROUGH CAR SERVICE

ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

Full information, reservations, etc., at city office, North-West Cor. King and Yonge Sts., phone main 4209.

R & O Richelieu & Ontario Nav. Co.

LOW RATES
Via Steamers
Toronto and Kingston
3.00 p.m Daily, Except Sunday
Running all the Rapids

Montreal and Return,	$19.00
Quebec " "	$26.75
Saguenay " "	$37.75

INCLUDING MEALS AND BERTH

Ticket Office—2 King St. East
H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, A.G.P.A., Toronto

CANADIAN NORTHERN — Change of Time September 13

Lake Shore Express
Trains 3 & 4 Withdrawn

Connection to and from all parts of Muskoka Lakes will continue to be made by Trains 1 and 6.

Time of arrival and departure Toronto Union Station will be as follows:—

Leave Union Station 9.00 a.m., 5.15 p.m.
Arrive Union Station 10.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m.

Observation-Dining-Parlor cars operated on all trains. Offices corner of King and Toronto, and Union Station. Main 5179.

a revival of confidence and business. At the end of August these loans amounted to $751,154,000, an increase of about $10,000,000 for the month. The increase for the year is $107,000,000, but by far the largest increase was in loans "on call" outside Canada and chiefly in New York. These loans alone increased $58,000,000 in twelve months. Total loans two years ago, when business was at a climax, were $714,961,000, while three years ago they were $664,815,000, exceeding the loans of a year ago by $21,000,000. These figures indicate a complete recovery in trade since the depression of two years ago.

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Circulation. But while the deposits as well as total loans were the largest on record on the last day of last month, bank note circulation was $4,750,000 less than at the corresponding date of 1907. This circulation, however, is $1,500,000 greater than a year ago. The total circulation of money (paper and specie) in Canada shows an increase of several millions within twelve months. The Dominion note issues amount to $79,188,000, of which the banks hold $65,313,000, leaving only $13,875,000 of this description of money in circulation. But the banks have some $71,847,000 of their own issues in circulation, and then there is probably $15,000,000 in specie floating about, a total of $100,722,000 money in the pockets and safe-boxes of the people. A year ago about $98,000,000 was the figure, and two years ago the volume of money in circulation reached over $103,000,000.

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Mines. Nipissing was the feature this week in the market for mining shares. The dividend on Monday was increased to a 30 per cent. per annum rate, and the stock sold up to about $13. There are many who look for greater activity and higher values for this property. Its value has been materially added to this season, and the company's treasury is in an exceedingly strong position. There is about enough cash and ore at refineries and en route sufficient to cover a year's disbursements. La Rose has also done well, selling at 8.25. The regular quarterly dividend of 3 per cent. and 1 per cent. bonus were declared on Tuesday. They are payable on Oct. 20th to shareholders of record Sept. 30th. The dealings in Crown Reserve have been somewhat restricted, owing to the closeness with which the shares is held. The price, however, is higher than ever, some sales being made at 4.40. The buying of Kerr Lake has also been very good, the stock selling around 8.75, the highest of the year.

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Earnings of Tractions. The traction issues continued to make exceedingly good returns. The Toronto Railway Co. for August took in $333,223, an increase of $33,290 over the same month of last year. Net earnings were $167,166, an increase of $16,859, while the net earnings for eight months were $1,211,245, an increase of $188,638. For the eleven months of the fiscal year the Montreal Street Ry. earned $995,576, which is equal to 10½ per cent. on capital stock. The full year's dividend has been earned therefore, in the eleven months. Sao Paulo shows net earnings for August of $115,593, an increase of $4,644, and Rio de Janeiro earned $284,255 in net during August, an increase of $16,322. The Mexican Light and Power Co.'s statements are still unsatisfactory. Net earnings for August decreased $132,907.

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Safe Investments. Mortgage bonds and debentures of the railroads of the United States and Canada, Mexico and Argentina, as well as the funds of all foreign Governments have been included in the list of securities in Great Britain in which the trustees of estates purchased from life tenants under the Irish Land Bill may hereafter invest this purchase money.

Some Polar Humor.

THE humorists of the press on both sides of the Atlantic are making merry over the narratives of both Cook and Peary. For example, The New York Mail remarks, "The winter Pearyodicals, too, will be full of it"; and The Baltimore Sun observes that "the mistake Cook made was not to send the savants a souvenir postal." Another paper notes that too many Stars and Stripes nailers spoil the broth. Certain London papers have been freely pouring forth gibes and sarcasm in connection with the controversy. The story of the barrels of gumdrops for the Eskimos provokes considerable mirth. The Globe saying: "Always take your gumdrops if you want your Eskimos to stick to you." The Star delivers itself of the following description of the scene at the Pole immediately after Dr. Cook's arrival:

While his devoted henchmen sucked ecstatically at their glutinous sustenance the intrepid explorer amused himself by making out four radii from the Big Nail and with leaping with unconcealed satisfaction from the New World into the Old and back again. When this pastime palled on him the doctor, having divested himself of several overcoats in deference to the genial temperature of 149 degrees below the freezing point, proceeded to run around the pole in the direction of the earth's rotation, picking his way neatly over the lines of longitude which converged with somewhat bewildering confusion. After some fifteen minutes' hard going the doctor sank with a sigh of relief on a berg, reflecting that as he gained twenty-four hours for every circuit of the pole he must have added more than a year to his life. "If I could only keep it up," he mused, "Methusalem's record would soon be a back number, but I am not the man I was."

By this time, however, several tentative efforts at dancing on the part of the horizon, as well as the intrusion of some half-dozen mountain mirages in a hopelessly inverted condition, warned the explorer that the hour was getting late. Etukishook took his hook and Ahwelsh had already retired and was sleeping with his feet to the pole, wedged comfortably between longitude 15 and 20. "Dear stupid fellows," said the doctor, "they have gone to sleep on the daytime side of the pole," and carefully choosing a set of meridians where it was about 11 p.m. as his pillow and having 11 a.m. at his feet, he gave himself over to slumber.

British and American Newspapers.

ON the theory that the press of a country affords a faithful mirror of that country's national life, a writer in The Manchester Guardian turns to American newspapers for purposes of international comparison. "Generally speaking," he argues, "we may fairly gauge the popular taste by observing the manner in which the raw news material is worked up, and the relative importance that is attached to different classes of subjects." In the long run, he asserts, every community will have the kind of press that meets the demands, and therefore reflects the minds, of the reading public. A comparison of English and American periodicals draws from him the following comments:

"In America, as also in Australia, the interest in financial and commercial speculation is more widely spread throughout the community than in England. Fluctuations in the price of real estate or railway shares affect a larger section of the population than with us. Consequently the average English newspaper does not 'take so much stock' in news of this type as the American does. The difference makes itself felt in the lighter side of periodical publications as well as in the reports of current events. In an American popular magazine you may often come across serials or short stories whose scenes are laid on the Stock Exchange or in the 'corn pit,' and it is not thought necessary to provide this type of fiction with a glossary. Religion, education, and literature have considerable space given them in America, though not perhaps more than in England in proportion to the total size of the paper. There are frequent complaints, too, that these subjects are regarded mainly with an eye to sensational copy, and that no pains are taken to treat them intelligently or even to secure fair accuracy in reporting. As to literature, in England you will find, on the whole, more criticism proper, and in America more gossip about authors and information about the tendencies of the book market."

The Pope's Clipping Bureau.

A PRESS clipping bureau has been installed at the Vatican. Pius X. reads only two newspapers, the Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Holy See, and the Difesa of Venice. All the other Italian newspapers are read by a young journalist, who cuts out all the news of interest and sends the clippings daily to Cardinal Merry del Val.

The Cardinal marks in blue pencil anything of importance which he considers that the Pope ought to see and in turn sends the clippings of the day to the Pope, who only reads what is marked by his Secretary of State. A certain number of foreign newspapers are sent to the Secretariate of State, where four clerks who know French, German, Spanish and English cut out important paragraphs relating to Vatican news, translate them into Latin and send them to the Pope. The clipping of foreign newspapers, however, is generally done by Bishops, who send to Rome news of interest published in the newspapers of their dioceses.

All the clippings are bound separately, divided according to countries and sub-divided according to newspapers and carefully indexed for future reference. The most bulky books of recent clippings relate to Modernism and especially to Tyrrell and to Murri, the leader of the Italian Modernists.

The World's Bank Notes.

THE only paper money that is accepted practically all over the globe is not "money" at all, but the notes of the Bank of England. These notes are simply printed in black ink on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white, with ragged edges. The reason that a badly soiled or worn Bank of England note is rarely seen is that notes which in any way find their way back to the Bank are immediately cancelled and new ones are issued. The notes of the Banque de France are made of white water-lined paper printed in black and white, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures. They are in denominations of from twenty-five francs to one thousand francs.

Bank of England notes are of a somewhat unhandy size—five by eight inches. South-American currency resembles the bills of the United States, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors. German currency is printed in green and black, the notes being in denominations of from five to one thousand marks. The one-thousand-mark bills are printed on silk fibre paper.

It takes an expert or a native to distinguish a Chinese bill from a laundry ticket if the bill is of low denomination, or a firecracker label if for a large amount, the print being in red on white or yellow on red, with much gilt and gorgeous devices. Italian notes are of all sizes, shapes, and colors. The smaller bills, five and ten lire, are printed on white paper in pink, blue, and carmine inks.

The most striking paper currency in the world is the one-hundred-rouble note of Russia, which is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when a sun ray passes through a prism. In the centre in bold relief is a finely executed vignette in black. The remainder of the engraving on the note is in dark and light brown ink.

The American practice of scattering strands of silk through the paper fibre as a protection against counterfeiting is unique.

The Gilded Invasion of England.

PUNCH takes this characteristic fling at the doings of a certain class of showy Americans in England:

We hear that Mr. Volney Sprague, who recently crossed the Atlantic with a number of other prominent New Yorkers, has converted Wharfedale, where he rents the largest grouse moors in Yorkshire, into a perfect paradise. The once unsightly ruin of Bolton Abbey has been transformed into a magnificent mansion of sixty storeys high, the top ten storeys being apportioned to the army of 500 beaters who accompany Mr. Sprague on the moors. Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, it will be remembered, employs only 100 men in this capacity, and they are obliged to find their own lodging. Mr. Sprague's beaters, on the other hand, have permanent quarters in the skyscraping chateau of their munificent employer. Their wives are each presented weekly with a new pearl necklace and a Gainsborough hat, and their children are educated free at Eton and Roedean.

At the unanimous request of all the inhabitants this beautiful tract of country has now been renamed New Yorkshire, and (if the consent of a famous Soap king can be obtained) the Wharfe will be rechristened the New Hudson.

Mr. Volney Sprague, whose wife is a daughter of the Egg king, Mr. Columbus Harridan, travelled from London to Leeds yesterday in a special bomb-proof, fluorescent, platinoid Pullman car. During the journey Mrs. Sprague wore in rapid succession the tiaras of Semiramis, Cleopatra, Messalina and Queen Elizabeth, which form an insignificant portion of her personal jewellery, and her guests were regaled with choice chansons by Madame Melba and Signor Caruso, accompanied by M. Paderewski. The cost of this railway concert alone is estimated at £100,000. The company also included Mr. Larry Pottinger, the Lard emperor; Mr. Ira D. Joram, the Tripe Tsar, and Mrs. Stanleyette Bangs, only daughter of Mr. Agrippa Bangs, the Onion archduke.

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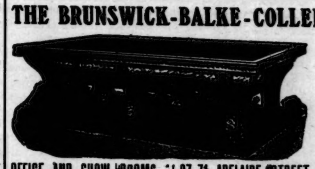

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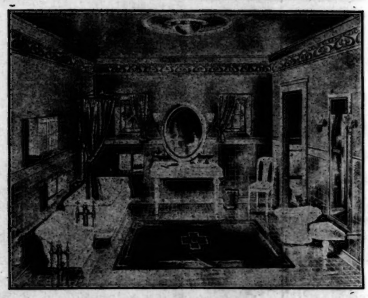

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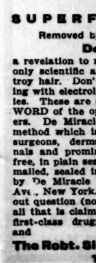

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, September 22, 1909.

PLANS for the Hudson-Fulton celebration are complete. The carnival setting has been done to the King's taste, and, like the famous darkey corpse, New York "is now ready to receive its friends." In contrast to the darkey's state of receptivity, however, "friends" will find this gay Gothan both animated and lusty, and manifesting in ways that may not always be agreeable, that it is still keenly alive to the things of this mundane life. Generous provision has been made for the entertainment of visitors, and a generous price is sure to be asked. Still if half the promises of the celebration programme are kept the public will at least have a good run for its money.

Naval parades, historical allegorical, and military processions, carnivals, illuminations, children's festival, and, for our more serious enjoyment, historical exhibitions, will make up the two weeks' entertainment. Of these the naval parade which opens the festival on Saturday, will no doubt prove the most interesting. The array of warships extending along the Hudson from Forty-second Street to Spuyten Duyvil will in itself be an imposing spectacle, probably the most imposing ever assembled outside the English Channel. The U. S. Navy is represented by sixteen battleships, three cruisers, twelve torpedo boats, and four submarines; Great Britain by four first-class cruisers; Germany, by four; France, by three turret ships; Italy, a cruiser and a schoolship; Netherlands, a cruiser; Mexico, a gunboat; the Argentine Republic, a training ship; and Cuba, a revenue cutter. In the parade the two replicas, the Half-Moon and the Clermont, escorted by four to five hundred merchant marine, will make a circuit of the line of warships, receiving the salute of twenty-one guns from each. At night this parade will be repeated to the accompaniment of fire-works and search-lights from ships and shore.

Aeroplane flights, in which Wilbur Wright and Glenn H. Curtis will be the chief participants, will be the programme for Monday. On Tuesday a procession of floats illustrating the principal historical events in aboriginal Dutch, English, Revolutionary and American periods, is promised. On Thursday there will be an international parade of sailors from the warships to the number of 25,000. On Friday there will be another naval parade and on Saturday children's festivals in every part of the city.

For the eight nights New York will probably be the most brilliantly illuminated city in the world. The additional lighting is estimated at from one to one and a half million incandescents, seven thousand arcs, and three thousand flare acres.

At the Metropolitan a very fine collection of Seventeenth century Dutch masters, and American paintings, pewter and silver of the 17th and 18th centuries are on exhibition, while at the Museum of Natural History there is an exhibition of original objects, typifying the life and habits of the Indians of Manhattan Island.

* * *

MEANWHILE "discovery" is receiving an unpremeditated impetus from the return of one of the discoverers of the pole. We may be painfully lacking in historic sense, we of this too New World, but we have a keen relish for a contemporary hero, whose deeds make no demands on our leisure or our stock of midnight oil.

Since Peary so obviously tried to "hog" the pole, and confessed to human weaknesses that may account for his anxiety not to be forestalled in its discovery, Cook stock has gone up considerably, hereabout. There has at least been nothing lacking in his welcome from the moment his ship hove in sight on Tuesday. And the banquet to be given in his honor on Thursday at the Waldorf promises to be memorable in every way.

* * *

SO engrossed are we in discovery all round, that the very interesting and perplexing political situation before us seems in danger of being overlooked. The only certainty that has been added to our last account is Gaynor and, paradoxically enough, this certainty only increases the uncertainty. Friends of the Judge evidently grew tired of the spectacle of their candidate dangling between Tammany and the Fusionists and decided to cut the rope. That precipitated the Judge but it has not in the least precipitated Tammany. The situation as it now stands holds several possibilities. One is that the man who, a few weeks ago held the unique prospect of a Fusion nomination with a Tammany endorsement in his hand, may in a far more literal sense than he intended, be allowed to seek election "without pledges or responsibility to any party or interests." His coquetry with Tammany brought about Fusion mistrust, and now that he is definitely in the field, with a prospect of dividing the independent vote, Tammany may decide to enter a candidate of his own. The situation will be cleared before the present week is over, but meanwhile our mystification is complete.

* * *

THE sequel to the stirring adventures, spiritual and otherwise, of Mme. Diss Debar, late queen of the Mahatmas, ex-queen of the Flying Rollers and self-confessed reincarnation of Mme. Blavatsky, was supplied last week when Mr. Oscar Hammerstein announced her engagement for his Roof Garden. According to this announcement—Mr. Hammerstein, by the way, makes a specialty of "naked truths"—Mme. was featured to tell all she knew, a sufficiently alluring promise provided that Mme. kept her word. The fate of David, her ascetic cup-bearer you already know to your sorrow. This leaves the comely Mrs. French sole priestess in the Temple of the Mahatmas and sole occupant of a throne before which the thrones of the earth will eventually tremble.

* * *

WHILE we are on the subject of religious activities, the waters of Christian Science are again troubled in these parts. Mrs. Della M. Gilbert, whose assertion a short time ago, that Mrs. Eddy was "either dead or a helpless, mindless puppet in the hands of conscienceless men," led to her excommunication, has reappeared with a militant programme for the establishment of a New Christian Science Church, with herself at the head. This new church, Mrs. Gilbert tells us, is to be run on the original principles of Christian Science, as set forth in "Science and Health." According to her declaration, "while the old church, as its principles are promulgated to-day, stands for graft, idolatry, superstition, and anti-marriage, my platform will be anti-graft, anti-idolatry, anti-superstition, and will hold to sane ideas on marriage." The chief example of graft she says, "lies in the fact that they take the inspired book 'Science and Health,' and yearly revise it to get revenue. It costs from three to five dollars a copy and there are millions of readers." The idolatry consists in the "subordination of all else to a helpless old woman in worship." The superstition is "their 'M. A. M.,' Malicious Animal Magnetism, for by the fact that they fortify themselves against it by a mental declaration, they confess it as a power, whereas in fact there is but one power." Mrs. Gilbert further compares her position to that of Martin Luther, when he broke with the Church.

The answer to all this is that Mrs. Gilbert is not a Christian Scientist, so that whatever she does is of no concern to Christian Scientists.

The new church will open next Sunday in Plaza Music Hall, one block from the famous hostelry where last year Mrs. Gilbert tried unsuccessfully to found a branch of the mother church. It was her activity in this connection that led to the subsequent rupture.

* * *

THE last batch of theatrical offerings has not specially enriched our dramatic table. Zangwill's "The Melting Pot," in spite of many noble lines, a large initial conception, and some really poetic touches, is neither a great work of art nor an important human document, such distinguished critics as Mr. Roosevelt to the contrary notwithstanding.

"An American Widow" is so nearly a first-class comedy that one is constantly irritated by its shortcomings. "The Revellers" held one good act only, and has been withdrawn. Below Fourteenth street it would no doubt prove a great success.

By far the best of the new productions is Oscar Strauss's "The Chocolate Soldier," an opera comique based on George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

This week Miss Anglin opens her New York season in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," at the Savoy. This will be Miss Anglin's first appearance since her return from Australia. At the Empire, Mr. John Drew appears in a new play "Inconstant George."

J. E. W.

Fulton Not the First.

WHILE the people of the United States are celebrating the centenary of the steamboat this year, they are reminded by a writer in the New York *Evening Mail* that another steamer was in successful operation ten years before the *Clermont*. As usual, fame goes to the man who makes a practical, rather than a theoretical, success, and Fulton's name lives, while that of Samuel Morey is almost forgotten. We read of this earlier craft:

Deep in the mud and marl of a beautiful lake in the hills of Vermont, there lies embedded a steamboat which was navigated before Fulton's *Clermont* was built. This boat was put upon the water in the last decade of the eighteenth century, almost fifteen years before Fulton steamed up the Hudson with the *Clermont*. It had side paddle-wheels, like Fulton's boat. The name of its inventor and builder was Samuel Morey, and the lovely lake which finally received the steamboat in its Lethe depths is called Lake Morey, after him.

Morey received a United States patent for all the machinery connected with his boat. The patent, still in existence, is dated just ten years before Fulton's attempt. Everything about the patent is in proper order. The whole steamboat is there. It was a good steamboat and it ran—for a while.

Why, then, do we celebrate this year the centenary of the steamboat? Why did we not celebrate it in 1899? Why does the air ring with the name of Fulton instead of with that of Morey? Because Morey lacked the business ability to make his enterprise successful. The historians of steam navigation say that "a series of misfortunes to Captain Morey and others deprived them of the means of prosecuting their design.' So by and by the forest-clad mountains which line the shores of Lake Morey echoed no more to the puffs of his steam-engine and the splash of his paddle-wheels. One day his boat sank ignominiously in the mud, and his name is oblivion.

In Vermont, where the model of his boat is religiously preserved in the State house at Montpelier, the people will tell you that Fulton stole every one of Morey's mechanical ideas. Perhaps he did, but he did not steal his business ideas. Fulton must have had his own ideas about exploitation, for it was those which made the *Clermont* a success, where all other steamboats had failed.

The great inventor generally meets with "a series of misfortunes." His fame depends on whether or not he is able to triumph over them. The word "success" means nothing in the world except "that which comes after" It the practical demonstrations, the "making good," does not come along after, the thing is a failure; and failure was never better typified than by the perfectly good steamboat which went down into the mud in the lake at Fairlee in 1800, and never has been seen since.

It is a heavy responsibility that the 1,055 police of the City of London force undertake in guarding the wealthiest area in the world. Within their "beats" are contained the banks and other financial institutions, and stores and shops in profusion which might be liable to attract the thief. Yet so efficient is their watch that the city is far from being a happy hunting-ground of the criminal. The report of the commissioner of police for 1908 shows how little variation there is in the amount of crime from one year to another. The number of people arrested was 3,513, a compared with 3,545 in 1907, and the number of indictable offenses was 1,017. But this splendid body of men perform other duties than the apprehending of ill-doers. What visitor from overseas but has stood and watched in amazement the facility with which the city policeman disentangles and regulates the traffic at the Mansion House or at Ludgate Circus. And they are also the Good Samaritians of the world's busiest streets. The number of persons taken to hospital by the police suffering from illness or accident during the year was 2,053, as compared with 1,910 in 1907. Of the 2,053 cases, 1,289 were conveyed to hospitals in the electric ambulance, which performed most excellent work.—London Standard.

Miss Constantina Elizabeth Maxwell is the first woman to become a member of the teaching staff of Trinity College, Dublin. She has just been elected an assistant to the professor of modern history. Miss Maxwell was graduated only a few months ago with a first senior moderatorship. She won a gold medal in history and political science.

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Any one who didn't sail in the Roosevelt naturally falls into the Ananias class.—New York World.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR many years the festivities used to open with the Victoria Club's ball, and that event was a favorite "coming out" dance for the embryo belles of the winter. For one reason or another the club saw fit some years ago to discontinue the annual dance, and everyone who enjoys the gentle exercise of waltz and two-step is glad to hear that this season the Victoria Club will resume their role of hosts to the gay world. There have been so many changes and improvements in the club that old-time ball-goers will scarcely recognize it, and new-comers will join in their appreciation of the much greater facilities for entertaining now possessed by the club. In committee the other night, the president and officers of the club decided to give a ball on the evening of October 26, thus taking the earliest date so far recorded for a large dance. Several of the girls coming out this season will attend this dance.

On Wednesday of last week, the First Methodist Church in St. Thomas was the scene of a very attractive function. A more than ordinary modicum of good looks being the gift of fortune to the bridal party of Miss Dorothy Helene Youmans and Mr. Harold Eustace Key. The bride is a petite beauty, youngest daughter of Mr. W. E. Youmans, and the groom a talented musician of considerable personal charm. Mr. Key came to St. Thomas some years ago and was director of the College of Music, then removed to Brockville where he is organist of the First Presbyterian Church. The Principal of Alma College officiated at the marriage, which was witnessed by a smart company. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and wore an ivory embroidered gown of Liberty silk, with baby Irish lace and guimpe of tucked chiffon. Her veil was fastened by a garland of orange blossoms, and her bouquet was a shower of lily of the valley and rosebuds. Miss Bertha Youmans, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, wearing a chiffon dress over pink silk, black picture hat, carrying pink roses. The bridesmaids also carried pink roses, and wore green satin frocks and black picture hats. They were Miss Ethel Joliffe and Miss Mabel Sanders. Mr. Russell Carlyle, of New York, cousin of the bride, was best man, and the ushers were Dr. A. T. McNeil, principal of the Baptist College, Woodstock, and Mr. Herbert Spencer Wegg. The organ music by Mr. Sidney J. English, and bridal song by Miss Winnie Graham, were very well rendered. The church was decorated with white asters and palms. Mrs. Youmans received the guests in her home in East street after the marriage, and introduced the father and mother of the groom to them. Mrs. Key wore a very handsome heliotrope gown and hat and carried mauve asters. A great many handsome gifts were much admired. The young couple went down the St. Lawrence for a short honeymoon, and then met Mr. and Mrs. Key in Brockville for a short visit before the latter sailed for the Old Country.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.

I hear some talk of getting up a debutantes' Lancers for the opening number at the ball to be given in the Prince George on November 4. At a recent large dance for the coming out of a very smart debutante in the Antipodes the debutantes' Lancers was a thing of great beauty. The girls and their cavaliers rehearsed the dance beforehand and several very charming figures were elaborated, the one in which the huge bouquets carried by the girls were gracefully manipulated being greatly admired by all. Perhaps some of our pretty debutantes will give us the pleasure of seeing something of the kind here?

"This is the gift I prize most of all," said a bride-elect who was showing me her pretty things the other day, and she unfolded sheets of silver paper which enwrapped half a dozen of the most delicately lovely underwaists one could wish to see. They are made of embroidered handkerchiefs joined with val. lace and threaded with fairy like ribbons of faint tints. "Gran made every one of them, God bless her, and she's ninety years old to-day," she cried.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepley and the Misses Shepley have taken up their residence in the Prince George Hotel.

The Misses Ball are at the Prince George.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Key, of London, England, were in town on Saturday on their way from St. Thomas to Montreal, whence they sailed for England this week. They came over to attend the marriage of their son, Mr. Harold Key, and spent the week end with him and his bride, in Brockville.

Mrs. W. H. P. Jarvis will hold her post-nuptial reception at 583 Avenue road next Monday afternoon, with her mother, Mrs. Hoskins, at whose residence the reception will take place. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis have just returned from a two months' honeymoon trip through the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gooderham left for a tour abroad on Wednesday.

Mrs. David Walker and Mrs. John Wright have returned from England. Miss Rosamund Boultbee has returned to town and was looking very well at the Races on opening day. Mr. and Mrs. Case, Mr. Allen Case and Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee formed one of the few family parties on the Members' Lawn. This week has recalled how many former jolly coteries time has ruthlessly broken up. And some of our most fascinating women are too far away to attend the scene of their former triumphs, where no one seems to have caught their mantle, therefore one misses their beauty, their lovely gowns, and their happy laughter in a way which interferes with perfect enjoyment.

Miss Grace McTavish, who has been visiting Mrs. Bruce Riordan for a few days, left on Tuesday for Port Colborne.

The marriage of Mr. Fred Hammond, son of the late Herbert C. Hammond, and Miss McFarland, of Kingston, takes place on Thursday next in Kingston.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday at three o'clock at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. J. T. Matthews, Gerrard street, when Miss Helen Gertrude Matthews and Dr. Charles Trow were married. Rev. W. J. Southam, of All Saints church, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a robe of ivory lace, and was unattended. Dr. and Mrs. Trow have gone to the States for their honeymoon, and on their return will reside at 43 Wellesley street.

The Misses Foster gave one of the scores of tealets which have filled the lounge of the King Edward with happy coteries this week. Mr. Harold Foster has just passed his legal exams. very successfully.

The marriage of Miss Clara Emily Biggar and Mr. Herbert Hunter Phillips was celebrated at 90 Madison avenue, the residence of Rev. Dr. Griffin, the uncle of the bride, on Wednesday afternoon, September 22. Rev. Dr. Griffin performed the ceremony. Miss Jane Williams sang "Oh, Perfect Love," and Mrs. Raymond Crowe, of Guelph, played "Lohengrin's Wedding March." The rooms were prettily decorated with pink flowers, and the bride wore a very handsome ivory silk and Brussels lace robe with veil and orange blossoms; white roses and lily of the valley composed her bouquet and her sister, Miss Jane Biggar, of Mount Pleasant, who was the bridesmaid, wore pink silk poplin, and carried pink roses. Little Miss Marjorie Kay, of Detroit (a cousin) was frocked in white mull with pink sash; pink carnations were her flowers. Dr. Harold Clarkson was the groomsman, and a reception was held after the service. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Griffin received, the latter wearing a handsome black silk gown, trimmed with pointe lace. Mrs. Kay (*nee* Griffin), of Detroit, came home for the event, and wore a pale blue silk with application of Honiton lace. Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Griffin also greeted many old friends. The bride, one of the prettiest of the season, was the recipient of many very handsome gifts, and later donned a smartly tailored grey suit and grey hat with green plumes to go away in. On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips will live in Albany avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John Merner, of Harvard avenue, Parkdale, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Adeline Merner, and Dr. Henry Oliver Crane, son of Mr. George Crane, of 303 Avenue road. The marriage will take place in October.

The marriage of Mis Effie Robertson and Dr. Albert W. Winnell, of Kingston, takes place on Tuesday morning, October 5, at Rosemont, the residence of Mrs. E. Robertson, Kingston.

Miss Charlo McLeod is visiting her brothers, Dr. James and Dr. Norman McLeod, at their residence in Buffalo.

Dr. and Mrs. Griffin gave a reception in honor of the marriage of their niece, Miss Clara Emily Biggar and Mr. Herbert Hunter Phillips, on Wednesday afternoon from half past two to four o'clock, at their residence, 90 Madison avenue.

The engagement of Miss Muriel Parker and Mr. Harold Wolferstan Thomas, of Usk, Monmouthshire, England, is announced, and their marriage will take place in the near future.

Hon Senator McLaren is the guest of his son-in-law, Mr. C. L. Benedict, in St. Vincent street.

Mrs. Ayre, of Detroit, and her young daughter were smart figures at the races this week. A very pretty young matron was Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser. Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone were frequent visitors to the races. Miss Gladys Edwards is visiting in Ottawa.

Mr. W. Grant Morden arrived in town from the east on Tuesday.

The absence of the genial president of the Ontario Jockey Club from this week's Race Meet, reminded the many patrons of the event of his bereavement during the summer, and many thoughts of kindly sympathy were sent to him by his friends.

Miss Beatrice M. Wellington was guest of honor at a farewell tea, given before she left for St. Agnes College, Belleville, where she has been appointed to the teaching staff. Miss Wellington is a recent graduate from the School of Expression.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A CORRESPONDENT of a newspaper which found its way to SATURDAY NIGHT's exchange table this week wants to know why, in this year of centenaries, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, was not celebrated last month. There are two reasons why it was not. In the first place Lever was only a minor writer, and in the second place he was born (in Dublin) on the 31st of August, 1806, and not in 1809, as has been very generally stated.

In 1879, seven years after his death—which occurred at Trieste, where he was British Consul—a biography of Lever by Dr. W. J. Fitzgerald, professor of history in the Royal Hibernian Academy, was published. And a perusal of this work shows that Lever in his early manhood, spent some time in Canada—a fact, probably, of which few people in this country are aware. Dr. Fitzpatrick, it may be said, was not much of a biographer, and evidently his

CHARLES WAGNER,
Familiarly known as Pastor Wagner, whose new book, "The Home of the Soul," containing fifteen discourses, has just been published.

training as a professor in history did not include much study of Canadian conditions. Lever visited Canada in the summer of 1829, coming over as the medical officer of an emigrant ship bound for Quebec. His biographer states that he "visited some of the Indian settlements and Lake Erie, and went as far as *Inscarara.*" Happening to have some bound copies of the old Toronto magazine, The Canadian Monthly, I have turned to the issue of that periodical for September, 1879, and have come upon a review of this very book; and it is to be noted that the reviewer—probably the editor of the magazine, G. Mercer Adam—is very severe on Dr. Fitzpatrick. As to the latter's reference to "Inscarara," he says: "Where that may be we are not told, and a search through gazetteers and maps of the period has failed to enlighten us."

The biography also tells us that Lever while on this Canadian journey, "passed from civilized districts to the prairie—with the determination to seek the experiences of forest life, with an Indian tribe." Forest life on the prairie! British writers on Canada to this day get off some rich things certainly, but seldom are they so delightfully naive as this. Lever must have enjoyed this remarkable experience, and he must have completely won the hearts of the red men with his *bonhommie*, for we are told that "the Indian Sachem formally admitted him into tribal privileges, and initiated him into *membership.*" In fact, when at last he grew tired of forest life on the prairie, and expressed himself on the point, the Indians told him that they would kill him rather than let him go. So finally he ran away in company with a native named "Tahata, or the Post," and arrived at Quebec in December, "attired in moccasins and head feathers." There he saw "men slipping along in rackets" (snowshoes?) and "women wrapped in furs sitting snugly in chairs, pushed along the ice some ten or twelve miles an hour." Several other tales are told in this volume of adventures met with by Lever in Canada during that eventful visit, but as they are all of the astonishing nature of the incidents already mentioned, they can scarcely be considered seriously. Lever did visit Canada—there is no doubt of that—but what he did here will probably never be known, as no chronicler better informed than Dr. Fitzpatrick has since thrown any light on this brief chapter of his wandering life.

Charles Lever was a most prolific writer, and his rollicking novels had a wide, if ephemeral popularity. But he was a most careless craftsman, and although his books are still issued, and some of them, particularly "Charles O'Malley" and "Harry Lorrequer," are still enjoyed by juvenile readers here and there; they are without abiding interest and will soon be practically forgotten.

* * *

A rattling fine story for boys has just been published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. It is by Edwin L. Sabin, and is entitled "Bar B Boys or the Young Cow Punchers." Any boy of any age ought to enjoy the yarn immensely. A city lad whose first name is Phil has recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia, and is going out alone to California to recuperate. Standing on the rear platform as the train makes its way very slowly over the Colorado divide, he dreams of jumping off and seeking adventures. At last he does jump off. He runs along holding to the platform rail. Then he lets go and enjoys trotting along keeping pace with the train. He lags a little to pick up a trophy by the wayside, and finds that the train has struck a better grade and is going faster. He cannot catch it, and is left alone in the wilderness. Then he encounters adventures that are real and various enough, ending up on the Bar B cattle ranch, where he finds a boy of his own age. He writes home for permission to stay, and has a glorious time there, learning the cowboy life. The story is full of action—every page of it—and full, too, of good, healthy suggestion as to what a boy should make of himself.

* * *

A very satisfactory description of the story, "A Fair Refugee," by Morice Gerard, just published by Henry Frowde, Toronto, is found in the first three sentences of the book:

> The sound of irregular firing cut through the stillness of the night air.
>
> Short and sharp, it was over immediately. Silence again supervened; the very trees of the wood seemed to be listening.
>
> So quiet was it that the pattering of drops of mist from the higher branches of the trees on to the leaves below was distinctly heard.

The first sentence is thrilling and full of promise. "Ah," says the reader to himself, "here is a story in which things happen right at the start, without any bothersome preliminaries." And he settles himself to enjoy a stirring account of a bloody encounter of some kind. But he is doomed to disappointment. There is no fight. There is no more firing. Short and sharp, it is over immediately. Before the author even troubles to explain why any firing, irregular or otherwise, has been mentioned, he proceeds to outline a biography of each of two women, one middle-aged and the other young, who cower in the brushwood. Why they cower is also revealed later on. And the rest of the story is "so quiet"—but perhaps you like that sort of story, for there are readers and readers. If you do, and if you are so young or uncritical as not to be annoyed by the author's queer, staccato style of writing you may really enjoy the tale. For it is a tale of love—the love of a fair young French refugee, who in the year of terror, 1792, fled to England and ultimately, found happiness there. It might be added that "A Fair Refugee" would be an excellent addition to any Sunday School library.

* * *

Our old friend, H. Rider Haggard, is again to the fore with a novel. It is called "The Yellow God," and is published by Cassel and Company, London and Toronto. The god is an idol of an African tribe in whose country gold is as plentiful as sand at Toronto Island. Thirty years before the story begins, this fetish was taken to England by a missionary, whose nephew, an impecunious young country gentleman, uses it to win a fortune and his lady love. Accompanied by, or rather accompanying, a shrewd, powerful old negro servant, another relic of this wonderful tribe

REX BEACH,
Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier." His latest novel, "The Silver Horde," was issued this week.

secured by the missionary uncle, the young man goes to Africa, penetrates to the gold-people's country, meets with an ardent but savage queen's favor, has a lot of adventures, and finally emerges with some fifty odd boxes of gold, just in time to save the heroine, his true love, from the hands of the villain of the tale.

"The Yellow God" doesn't thrill and mystify one as did "King Solomon's Mines" and others of Haggard's earlier stories, but perhaps that is partly because one is not as young as he used to be and not so easily thrilled. But, no doubt, it will interest many readers. Mr. Haggard is not a skilful or careful writer. For instance, he starts in to describe his heroine this way: "It was a large hall, and she was a long way off, which caused her to look small, who indeed was only of middle height." But there is at the same time something peculiarly engaging about his frank and simple style of narrative. Without any straining for effect he gets genuine atmosphere into his most extravagant romances. His heroes, however impossible their adventures may be, always seem somehow to be real, or, at least, typical of the traditional English hero. His stories, too, are morally sound. In them, fortune always favors the brave and chaste, which accounts largely for their popularity, for the great majority of people always did and always will enjoy good melodrama, either on the stage or in books.

* * *

Authors have always received shabby treatment at the hands of book reviewers. Everybody knows that. And now Mr. Andrew Lang suggests a remedy for this disgraceful state of affairs. He says:

"It has often occurred to me that a literary weekly in which authors should review their own books would be a valuable boom to our culture. In the first place the authors of novels could not puff themselves nearly as noisily as do many of their reviewers. Not that these critics have been 'pouched,' as Shelley, when a schoolboy, wanted to pouch—that is, tip them. That idea is impossible. The truth is that the reviewers of batches of novels have not much knowledge of literature, have a very low standard of excellence, and are extremely good natured young people. The authors, again, would, if honest, re-read their own books, and discover all the blunders which they neglected in reading their proof sheets. . . . I had once to review a volume of the 'Encyclopædia Brittanica' anonymously, and chastised myself for an egregious blunder which I found on rereading a paper of my own. But the editor of the 'Encyclopædia,' Professor Robertson Smith, was quite cross with me for my honorable conduct; I never could understand why."

* * *

The pitiful case of Stephen Phillips, the English poet and playwright, who is almost entirely without means of existence, is reviving the discussion as to the conditions under which so many writers in England fail to make a bare living, although their output is of high literary merit. A small number of English authors are making a great deal of money, and others have earned a competence. For instance, the late Rosa N. Carey, the novelist, is shown by the recent probate of her will to have left a tidy estate of £10,991. But English writers as a class do not seem to receive the financial reward to which they are entitled. In this connection it is interesting to note some facts and figures gathered by a very reliable London correspondent of a New York newspaper:

"Mr. Phillips has had many plays produced in England and America, yet he is now in actual poverty, which he attributes to the failure of his last two plays, 'The Lost Heir' and 'Faust,' both of which were presented in London. The very recent death of John Davidson because he was tired of struggling to make a living from his poetry; the death of Francis Thompson, also without means; the case of Matthew Arnold, who after all his years of successful work left but $5,000, and that of Charles Godfrey Leland, author of 'Hans Breitmann's Ballads,' whose estate was valued at about $2,000, are instances cited. Florence Marryat, Mary Kingsley and even Lewis Carroll left such small sums as $7,395, $17,055 and $19,000. Publishers in many cases left very large fortunes, the chief among them being G. Smith of Smith, Elder & Co., $3,809,800; Thomas Nelson of T. Nelson & Sons, $3,154,335; George William Petter of Cassel, Petter & Galpin, $2,602,805; Alexander Mamillan of Mamillan & Co., $895,055; Adam Black of A. & C. Black, $736,305; George Lock of Ward, Lock & Co., $595,050."

There is something radically wrong somewhere when publishers leave estates of such proportions, and when even middlemen in the book trade are prosperous, and yet many of the men and women of talent, and even genius, who write the books of the nation are terribly, sometimes unbearably, poor.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

WITHOUT viceregal patronage, or any lion from foreign parts to attract, the same old success attends the O. J. C. Fall Meeting this week, and opening day last Saturday was a particularly fine sight, the members and their guests filling the lawn and the public turning out by thousands in their enclosures. The weather was brilliantly fine, with that subtle touch of Autumn in the air which keeps people in the sunlight, and the new fall costumes were worn in great comfort. The racing left nothing to be desired, though one race made a record of sensation, with two spills on the flat, one of the jockeys being injured therein. The spic and span white fences through which a hedge of salvias in full bloom glowed very smartly, flanking the members' lawn on the south were decorated by many lovely railbirds, whose huge headgear was enough to frighten the most hardened "gee," but whose admiration of a good horse and a fast race made them oblivious of the amount of shadow they cast. One young matron entered into the whole event with great spirit, making trips before each parade to the saddling paddock and keeping a keen lookout on the form and "owners attendant" of her favorite nag, with the result that she selected several winners, and betook herself to the east end, where the bookies perambulate, with a conviction of success in her bet that was often realized. Plenty of others enjoyed a small flutter and looked very jubilant, which meant a pool or a long shot coming their way. Before the opening of the races several of the Jockey Club magnates entertained at luncheon in the big tea room under the grand stand. Senator and Mrs. Melvin Jones, of Llawhaden, had a very smart party, their chief guest being His Hon. the Lieutenant-Governor, who was the only member of the family present. Major Macdonald was in attendance on the Lieutenant Governor. The sad events of the past few weeks, which have plunged many prominent race-goers, from the President of the O. J. C. down, into mourning, partly accounted for the absence of many persons one has learned to look for at these pleasant meetings. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark and the Misses Mortimer Clark did not attend; the family circle of Mr. George H. Hees, always so bright and attractive, were not present, and the death of Mrs. Vincent Hughes, nee Falconbridge, kept a number of relatives and friends at home; several bright groups were missed, who are across the ocean, or in transit to their Canadian homes, and the fine weather is still keeping quite a number in Muskoka, where September is perfectly delightful this year.

The Duchess of Beaufort, a leader in British society.

But Toronto is getting a big girl now, and even with many of her people away, she finds new ones to fill up the gaps and prevent any noticeable difference in her attendance at the races. There were plenty of guests who were only in town for short visits, and were careful not to miss the pleasantest event of the early autumn. The bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walsh, were among these, and Mr. Walsh, like all good Irishmen, loves a fine horse, and is a good judge of a winner. Mrs. Mackelcan was introducing a charming woman, Mrs. Grant, of Buffalo, to her friends, and it was sometimes a case of "get in line" so many were wishing to meet the graceful bright American. Mrs. Fraser had a couple of friends from the Old Country, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell, who also entered into racing matters with evident enjoyment, and two pretty young girls, the Misses Maxwell, of England, were prominent and much admired guests. Mrs. Charles Palmer, nee Sheppard, was each afternoon at the races, wearing her prettiest frocks and hats and looking very nice indeed. One of the coming debutantes, Miss Marjorie Haskin, in a white coat and frock, was on the lawn with Miss Melfort Boulton, who came out last Autumn, and who is, I hear, going later on to spend some time in New York. Miss Maude Denison, who has been in Muskoka all summer, was with her father, Colonel Septimus Denison. Mrs. Bristol looked extremely smart in a deep rose gown with long rose net coat and hat with rose wings. Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Deijuan were also among the smart people present.

The Hamilton party included Colonel and Mrs. Hendrie, Major and Mrs. Hendrie, and from London came Mr. and Miss Gibbons, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt wore a smart tailored gown on Monday, when the quiet of an "off" day, with some excellent races enhanced the pleasure of the coterie present. Mrs. Cross brought her guest, Mrs. McCullough, of Brandon, on opening day. Mrs. Robert A. Smith, in a stunning violet costume and very becoming hat, was without her handsome niece, Miss Milne, who has returned to England. Mrs. Cecil Gibson wore a smart grey costume and lace hat with the new veil also in grey. Miss Phyllis Moffat was a pretty little visitor on Saturday. Miss J. J. Dixon's gown was exceedingly smart, and she and Mr. Dixon gave a small dinner at the Hunt Club later, for Mr. and Mrs. Walsh. On Monday Mrs. Alec Mackenzie was on the lawn, with her fiance, Mr. Marshall, and looking lovely in a black suit, broad black hat and white boa. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Miss Cox, the Misses Cosby, Miss Adams, Mrs. W. Hyslop, Mrs. Strachan Johnson, Mrs. and Miss Jessie Johnston, Miss Hilda Reid, Mrs. Douglas Macdougall, Captain Lindsay, Mr. Chryster, Colonel Bruce, Colonel Stimson, were also at the races.

The Misses Stimson have been in town on a short visit and have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. O'Flynn returned from their honeymoon last week.

Mrs. Cory, Huron street, entertained at tea on Monday afternoon, in honor of a couple of visiting friends, and also had a tiny bridge party on Tuesday.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Alice Amelia Baines, daughter of Mrs. Christopher Baines and Mr. Frederick Curzon Clarkson, which takes place on October 7, in St. George's Church at half past two. After the ceremony Mrs. Baines will hold a reception for the bride and groom at her residence, 192 Cottingham street.

Miss Violet Edwards will make her debut this season. Miss Lamb, daughter of Mr. Lamb, of Fallingbrook, will also be one of this season's debutantes. Mrs. Lamb has her mother, Mrs. Reid, of Melbourne, Aus., and her aunt, Mrs. Massie, out on a visit with her at Fallingbrook.

Mrs. Wunder, 663 Spadina avenue, and Dr. Wunder, are settled in their new residence.

It was with sincere sorrow that her hosts of Toronto friends learned of the sad death in Montreal of Mrs. Vincent Hughes, formerly Evelyn Falconbridge, second daughter of Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, and since her birth a very dear member of a most affectionate and united family circle. Mrs. Hughes had not been in perfect health for some time, but no one outside her family expected her decease, and much sympathy is sent to her husband and little ones, and all her Toronto relatives in their bereavement. Lady Falconbridge has the children at her home in Isabella street for the present. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes some years ago settled in a charming home in Montreal.

On Wednesday, September 15, the marriage of Miss Beretia J. Adams, daughter of Mr. John Adams, of Langford, Ont., and Dr. W. C. Mason, son of Dr. A. Wallace Mason, of Toronto, was celebrated in the home of the bride's parents. The bride wore her travelling dress of apricot cloth, and hat to correspond, and her bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley. Miss Edna B. Adams was her sister's bridesmaid, and Mr. James H. Mason, B.A., of Toronto, brother of the groom, was best man. Rev. Canon Greene, of Orillia, performed the ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. Mason will make their home in Kearney, Ont.

The engagement of Miss Mina Flavelle, elder daughter of Mr. J. W. Flavelle, of Holwood, Queen's Park, and Mr. Wallace Barrett, eldest son of the late Mr. Harold Barrett, of Port Hope, is announced. Their marriage takes place on October 28.

Miss Helen McCaul is visiting her sister Mrs. Macdougall, at 206 Balmoral avenue, Mrs. Macdougall's new house.

The Canadians attending the International Congress of Medicine and Surgery at Budapest, Hungary, have been right royally entertained. The Congress was a huge success from a scientific point. Doctors G. Sterling Ryerson, Alexander McPhedran and W. H. B. Aikins were presented at a Court held by order of the Emperor, as official delegates from Canada. The other Canadians present at the reception were Doctors Bruce and Primrose, of Toronto; Doctor Casgrain, of Windsor; Doctors Meek and Drake, of London; Doctor Halpenny, of Winnipeg, and Doctor King, of Cranbrook, B.C. It is very pleasing to note the recognition of Canadian delegates at International functions of this kind, another mark of the advancement of medical science in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowdry, 1 Clarenden avenue, have leased their house for some months and gone to Vancouver where they will take a flat for the winter, in order to be near their daughter, Mrs. Usborne, and their new grandson. Miss Norah Cowdry will go to the Coast about the 1st December. Mrs. T. H. Cowdry and Miss Betty will be the guests of Mrs. Davidson, 32 Tranby avenue, until next summer.

Vancouver's historic old Balm of Gilead tree, to which Lewis and Clark are said to have tied their canoe in 1805, and which marked the landing point of the Hudson Bay Company of fur traders in 1824, has fallen a victim to the waters of the Columbia River. This old tree, which stood on the bank of the river at the foot of Main street, was the starting point for all early surveys in Clark county and the western portions of Washington State. It marked the point where the city limits joined the military reservation. The tree was held in veneration by Vancouver people and people all over the Pacific Northwest who took an interest in matters of historic interest. The tree was about 5 feet in diameter at its base and was 75 feet high, being fully 50 feet across at its crown. A copper railroad spike is said to have been driven into the tree, and it was from this point all surveys began. This spike is now grown over, but it is likely that it will be chopped out and kept in the archives of the city.

Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons, who has already given away four million dollars, has decided to part with his last million before the fourteenth of next April, when he expects to celebrate his ninetieth birthday anniversary. He will keep only sufficient money to pay his frugal way for the few years longer that he expects to live. For sixty years Dr. Pearsons has been one of the noted characters of Chicago. He is more than six feet tall, and in physical and mental power he is still notable among his neighbors. Most of his money has been donated to small colleges, which, he thinks, are doing more for poor boys and turning out better citizens than the great universities. He intends to devote his last million to the founding of some institution in Chicago for the elevation of humankind.

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A very well gotten up booklet has been issued by the Mason & Risch Piano Company, setting forth the reasons that led them to undertake the manufacture of grand pianos, and the part played in their decision by the counsels of no less a musical authority than the great Liszt. Several letters of the famous pianist are given, in which he expressed his pleasure with the pianos sent to him, and encouraged the Canadian manufacturers to continue their work. He gave their instrument unstinted praise, and as a token of his appreciation of the work of the company, he sent them an oil-painting of himself by Baron Joukousky. The painting, which is a very large canvas, being six feet in height by four and a half in width, is generally regarded as one of the most successful pieces by the Russian painter, and also as one of the very best portraits of the great musician. It is a simple and dignified composition, showing the master seated in an arm-chair, with his striking face and wonderful hands standing out in the high light against the dim background. The whole effect of the picture is one of power in repose. This fine portrait is to be seen at the salesrooms of the company on King street. The rest of the booklet deals with the various classes of pianos manufactured by the Mason & Risch Company, and also with some of the distinctive features of their instruments. The little publication is tastefully bound in purple and white, and is excellently printed and illustrated. Altogether, it is a very artistic instance of work of its kind.

SINCE the rapid development in the science of aerial navigation the question has frequently arisen regarding some practical method whereby the aeronaut might readily determine his exact location at any particular time during a flight. This matter (notes Harper's Weekly) has been a topic of general discussion at the Aero Club of Berlin, and now Captain von Frankenberg, the director of that organization, has proposed an elaborate system of providing guiding signs for balloonists.

The captain's invention necessitates the construction of giant letters and signs, about nine feet in length, which shall be placed in conspicuous places throughout Europe. Each country would be represented by a different letter. The initial "D," for example, would stand for "Deutschland," and the various administrative districts would be marked by individual numbers. The aeronaut who saw the sign "D—78" could refer to a code-book and tell at once that he was over Chemnitz in Germany. An additional symbol would be sufficient to determine the particular commune of Chemnitz. Other characters could be used to denote the proximity of a hydrogen factory, a gasoline depot, or dangerous landing-places. After nightfall these signs would all be illuminated by electricity.

This novel project has been presented for consideration before the principal aeronautical societies in France, Belgium, Austria, Holland, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, and the United States.

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IN DEEP WATERS

An Incident of the Second Bull Run

By SAMUEL R. ELLIOTT

IT is seldom that a short story may rejoice in the possession of two heroes. If mine is thus favored it is because the episode related belongs to a time and a situation when heroes were many, though their modesties would have disclaimed the title. At least this would have been the case with the two I have in mind.

The sun had set red and murky as seen through battle-smoke. The deepening darkness of the umbered clouds added to the gloom of a day that had been among the most disastrous in our history. For the second time a great battle had been fought at Manassas, and for the second time the great army of the Federal Republic was in full retreat to Washington. Somehow in the stubborn conflict of the last day our troop of the Second Division had become segregated, owing partly to the rapid retreat of those to the left of us and partly to General Longstreet manoeuvring on our front. . . . And now we began to realize that we were cut off. To be sure, the ground was not wholly unknown to us. Less than thirteen months before our regiment had been present at what was then the greatest battle ever fought on this continent. Yet, although the features of the landscape were somewhat familiar to those of our officers who had been in the first Bull Run, their recollections were much more like those of a fevered dream than a cool and accurate presentment of facts and localities.

While the situation was being discussed, a large body of troops could be seen approaching on our right. Although they were so near that already we could discern their battle-flags, we could not in the increasing darkness determine whether those banners bore the insignia of friend or foe. General Stevens, our commander, gazed long and eagerly through his field-glass; then, turning to the officers who gathered uneasily about him for orders, he said: "I can see their flag plainly enough, but for the life of me I can't tell whether it's one of those new fancy corps flags that we've just adopted or the old Confederate flag of the enemy! Here," he added, turning impulsively to a handsome youth, a private, and attached to the hospital service, yet already noted for his skill and daring in desperate emergencies—"here, Heffron, take that ambulance horse and ride as near those fellows as you dare and see if you can find out who or what they are."

Heffron was ready for the adventure. He was not yet out of his teens! As in a pure spirit of frolic, catching up and putting on his own head a captain's cap that was lying on the field, he mounted a spare ambulance horse, and, inclining gently to the right in his course, soon disappeared in a hollow that lay between ourselves and the advancing column now already uncomfortably near. A very few moments of breathless expectancy passed; then, to our astonishment and consternation, we saw Heffron emerge from the intervening valley and ride directly up to the officer commanding the suspected enemy. Saluting with the utmost coolness, the gallant stripling was evidently inquiring what troops they were. We watched with tense interest. For a moment the enemy (for such we inferred them to be) appeared palsied by such a display of audacity. But before any active demonstration of hostility could be made the young man, who was a superb rider, executed a demi-volt, and then once more, saluting as in thanks, he dashed down the slope at terrific speed, being followed by what seemed a thousand shots delivered in a straggling volley! Through the dim light, now still further obscured by smoke, we could see our galloping messenger go down under the volley, disengage himself from his fallen and dying horse, and roll down the hill till he was beyond the reach of bullets. Soon, torn but triumphant, with a slender stream of blood flowing down his forehead and cheeks, he emerged from the hollow on our front. Moving hurriedly to the open space where the general stood, still surrounded by his staff, the young fellow cried out, "Nineteenth Mississippi, Longstreet's Division, General!"

This startling intelligence was the more exciting, since the line approaching had quickened its movements and must soon be upon us. "Trapped!" exclaimed General Stevens—"the whole force of the enemy surrounds us, as I feared." Then suddenly he asked, "Does any one here know the ground?"

Some one suggested Major St. George, who commanded one of the mutilated battalions. St. George was a cool fellow and observant, and, moreover, he was skilled in woodcraft. He had enjoyed a rapid and a well-deserved promotion, having gone forth as a private in a Scotch regiment, the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, which troop had marched down Broadway in kilts, barelegged, and to the stirring music of the most approved Caledonian airs. All eyes were now centred upon the descendant of Highlanders, who stood for a moment silent and reflecting. No time was to be lost. In another instant we were moving; and the entire division was by his advice led through the straggling wood to the stream already rendered classic by the battle of the year agone. Water holds no footprint, responds with no echo.

The banks at this point were steep and high, but passable enough for infantry. St. George led, and in the briefest practicable space the men had dropped silently into the stream, where they stood with the water reaching breast high. A dense overhanging growth of trees and bushes hid us completely from the keen eyes of the Confederate soldiery—unless, perchance, it had occurred to them to look for their lost enemy in the water, which fortunately for us it did not!

The stream was swollen from recent rains, and our men found considerable difficulty in breasting it while holding their muskets and cartridge-boxes out of the water. But so skilfully was everything managed by our soldier woodcraftsman and so admirable was the discipline that we soon adjusted ourselves to the novel situation, and were even marching quite gayly through the muddy tide, with our arms lifted high in the air. And thus, amid a stillness scarcely conceivable from some thousands of men, we continued to breast the troubled waters, over which was cast a darkness almost complete between the cloudiness of the night and the heavy shadows of the overhanging trees. These last, with their ragged and irregular branches, seemed to pass above our heads menacingly, as though shaken in denunciation.

We were, as I have said, practically silent. What were our thoughts? Sufficiently sombre. In comparing notes later, it was found that some of us remembered fitting passages from the Psalms and other Scripture relative to deep and whelming waters; others of the boys, late from college, remembered their Homer and the glutting of the "divine" river with sacrificed heroes. And one there was among us to whom the words of the negro melody, "There's one more ribber to cross," served as a dreary and senseless marching refrain in ceaseless mental repetition. I remember that we were for some time followed by the voices of certain night-birds, concerning which we were rather uneasy, the song beginning with a long whistle which to our tired and apprehensive ears sounded painfully like an alarm signal, such as might have sounded hostile discovery of our hiding-place.

Our march was necessarily slow, owing to the labor of stemming the current and to the awkward and often painful efforts to keep our arms and ammunition dry. To prevent the clattering of canteens these tin receptacles had been ordered to be filled with creek water, which was in time churned into liquid mud seasoned with gravel. The mounted officers fared rather better than did the men afoot. We had on this occasion no artillery, which was most fortunate for the success of our watery march.

Here and there we found the water shallower, and then our undismayed St. George, riding at the head of our wading column, would pass along the cheering word (always *sotto voce*) that these shallow spots were indeed "fords." This was where General Tyler crossed last year. This Heintzelman's Ford, and farther on was the crossing at Sudley Springs where Hunter forded at daybreak on that memorable July 21.

At length the stream widened, and consequently was less deep, impeding much less our progress, while the receding foliage on the banks admitted more light, so that now we could see the long line of splashing soldiers tediously wading. And at this juncture a full abundant moon, hitherto concealed by heavy raincloud, was struggling laboriously through rifts of the misty structure. Never, perhaps, did full moon bode less good to an equal number of wayfaring mortals, for now to the other perils of the situation was added the risk of being detected and overwhelmed. The moving shapes of my comrades in the van loomed darkly giantesque: it would be little less than a miracle if we escaped discovery.

As we advanced the bed of the stream became rocky. Ridges of sharp stone stretched irregularly across the creek, causing violent eddies and whirlpools; these alternating with deep hollows, into which our men often fell splashing and spluttering, but with caution alert to suppress all outcry that might reveal our presence. St. George, our ingenious guide, had improvised a sort of lantern out of a discarded cigar-box with bayonet-punched holes, a dim light being thrown from a small candle stump placed therein. This mechanism, used warily to avoid detection, sufficed for the darkest and most dangerous places in the river.

After literally two hours of silent and painful plodding, we emerged into a sort of clearing where was no longer heavy foliage to shut out the light. Here word was passed down the line to "close up." Noiselessly we obeyed. The troubled waters knew us no longer. We were quickly led over the banks and into a vast field of grain whose mere rough dryness was luxury after our weltering march. Little stretches of wood here and there intersected open fields of rye or of corn; and we moved rapidly from cover to cover, always keeping in mind the direction toward our own lines—always placing as many pieces of woodland as possible between ourselves and the enemy. The clearing clouds and the brightening moonlight caused us progressively to quicken our pace. On and on we sped, our wet and streaming clothing enveloping us in a languid mist which lay heavily on the hot August air, greatly increasing our sense of discomfort. On, till we began to wonder whether we might not, after all, be astray; for to expect accuracy in the perplexing half-light would have been to attribute to St. George powers little short of hereditary "second sight," such as a Scot might perhaps have arrogated to himself, which, honest fellow! he would never have thought to do. But we were marched too fast to leave much time to criticize or to conjecture even. Many of the men, moreover, were beginning to stagger and to fall in their tracks. We had been at least two hours on the steady march against the stream and had covered probably about seven miles, for the stream of Bull Run encompassed a great part of the battle-ground.

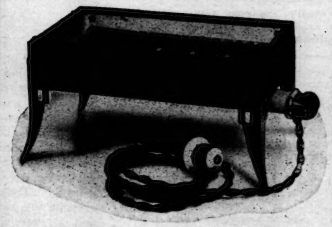
Suddenly we came upon an irregular body of soldiers, while the clink of spades and picks pronounced them to be throwing up intrenchments. We halted and listened. Our experience of some hours before led us to be cautious in entering upon acquaintance with the unknown—and we had not another Heffron among us! But listen! In the woods just beyond that field, men of our own kith and kin are singing. Yes. "My Country, 'tis of Thee!"

The welcome strains were borne upon the sluggish night air, accompanied by an odor surpassing the gales of Araby the Blest—actually, the odor of cooking! Our own friends had gone into camp. . . . . When we had all possessed of hospitable porringers of steaming coffee the long-shut sluices of conversation were opened. "Major," said General Stevens to St. George of the river march, "how could you possibly find your way through that watery labyrinth?"

"Easy enough, General," replied our modest pathfinder. "Left behind last year at first Bull Run, hid in the water till dark, then made my way precisely as we did to-night. Liked it a good deal better this time—a fellow likes company on an expedition of that sort."

"But where is Heffron," asked the general a little later. There was an uneasy silence among the men, and then someone spoke up: "Left behind in the dark, we're afraid; he was wounded and grew faint from loss of

(*Concluded on page* 20.)



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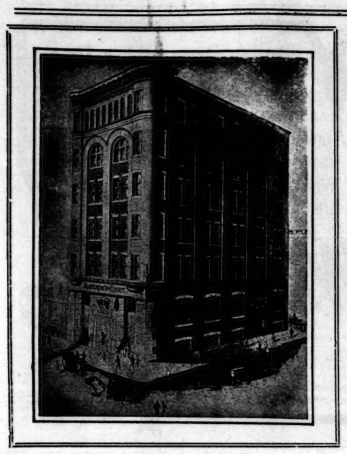

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Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. Toronto, Canada, September 25, 1909. No. 50.

Points About People

An Honor for Mr. G. T. Bell.

EVERYONE who has ever come in contact with the genial presence of Mr. George T. Bell, assistant passenger traffic manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, will be pleased to hear the story of the closing incident of the fifty-fourth annual convention of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents recently held at Toledo, Ohio. At this convention Mr. Bell presided, and it is interesting to note that he is the first Canadian to be elected president of the association, which is the oldest organization of railway men in the world. This fact, together with the great personal popularity of Mr. Bell with the delegates, were considerations which contributed to the making of the customary presentation of a gavel to the retiring president of the association an affair of more than usual interest and significance.

The Grand Trunk Railway being a great international road with lines in several of the New England States, is a member of a number of the territorial passenger associations there, and it was thought fitting that the New England Passenger Association should make the presentation to Mr. Bell. Then came the problem of securing for the Canadian president a gavel which would be at once emblematic of cordial international relations among railway men, suggestive of future as well as present transportation achievements, and significant as a personal gift. The thing was ingeniously done. The association includes representatives of railways and steamship lines in Canada, Mexico, and the United States. So part of the head of Mr. Bell's presentation gavel was formed of Canadian oak, a part of the fine new steamer Hamonic of the Northern Navigation Company, which is connected with the G. T. R. Blended with the oak is a bit of ebony taken from a railroad tie once used on a line of road in Mexico. The handle was made from a piece of wood which was part of the first successful aeroplane. It was furnished by the Wright brothers, and is suggestive of future transportation achievements in the air. Some time ago Mr. Bell noted at a meeting of the association that in the year the organization was formed the first band of steel of the Suspension Bridge, joining Canada and the United States, was laid across the gorge at Niagara. The gavel was therefore bound together by a strand of steel from one of the cables of this bridge; and there was embedded in it a rivet from the Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal, the last rivet of which was driven in 1860 by the King, then Prince of Wales. There is also on the gavel a band of silver from the Drummond mine, in memory of Dr. William Henry Drummond, "humanity's friend," as he is fittingly referred to in the presentation committee's address, and a near friend also of Mr. Bell. Both gavel and case—the latter being made from British Columbia fir and Mexican ebony—were artistically put together by the firm of Tiffany, New York.

Mr. G. T. Bell is one of the most urbane and thoroughly likeable railroad men in Canada, as well as one of the most competent—which is saying a good deal. His slight, wiry frame seems to be tireless, a smile is never far from his keen face; and among the higher officials of the G. T. R. there is no one who is a more agreeable host on occasions when the big road entertains newspapermen or other guests. And so many friends and many acquaintances on whom he has made a very agreeable impression will echo the sentiments of the very flattering address presented to Mr. Bell at Toledo which concludes by saying that his gavel "rests upon a cushion of regard and esteem."

Lord Strathcona's Break.

JUST across the Saskatchewan River from Edmonton, the capital city of Alberta, is the town of Strathcona. These twin cities are not exactly rivals after the fashion of Port Arthur and Fort William; but the smaller place is keenly jealous of its rights and its fame as a civic entity. On the other hand Edmonton is quite sure that the only progressive future possible for Strathcona is in annexation to the Provincial capital. The newspapers of Edmonton say that public opinion in favor of the union is raipdly growing in the "suburbs" across the river. In the meantime the people of both places indulge in remarks about each other which are not by any means as mild as those exchanged between Toronto and Hamilton.

All of which having been explained, eastern readers will understand the feelings of the people of the town named after him, when Lord Strathcona in his first speech after his arrival there recently told of the pleasure with which he had long looked forward to visiting "this great city of Edmonton."

Strathcona people consider this was a bad break, but Edmonton citizens remark with a broad smile that it was a very significant one.

Expert Dog Finders.

THERE is a gentleman in Toronto who has discovered that the business of finding dogs can be turned into a profitable industry. A friend gave him a collie pup which he assured him was of the very first water as far as pedigree was concerned. After he had kept him a month or two the pup disappeared and an advertisement was inserted in one of the daily papers. Two boys brought the animal back and so grateful was the guardian and well wisher of the pup that he gave them three dollars. A month later the family pet again disappeared and after an advertisement was inserted the same boys brought him back, saying he had strayed to their place the night before. They were rewarded with two dollars this time. Another four or five weeks elapsed and once more the pup was missing. Another advertisement brought the same lads back with the wayward little beast. The rightful owner put his hand in his pocket to give them a dollar, but suddenly changed his mind.

"No," he said, "on second thoughts, I guess you can keep the pup."

A Woodbine Story.

THE autumn race meeting at the Woodbine brings to mind an incident which occurred at the fall meeting of a year ago. A prominent horse owner who was here from the United States knew practically all the good things that were going, but like all the men who make a genuine killing on the horses was very chary of giving information. However, he became fascinated with a young actress who was staying at the King Edward Hotel and under oath of almost Masonic secrecy imparted to her tips on two races for a certain day. The young lady was informed that she must on no account breathe a word about these tips to anyone. She promptly gave her information to the star, the leading lady, the manager and everybody else she liked in the company, with the result that the crowd laid bets and the odds were knocked down considerably from the original figures. The next day she met the horse owner, thanked him for the tips of the previous day which had turned out so well and asked for another good thing. The gentleman, as if on as friendly terms as ever, suavely handed her something which he said was a sure winner but did not admonish her to keep it quiet. When the crown went down to play this horse they noticed that the odds did not drop as before; they even went up. When the horses came under the wire the sure thing was last. The horse owner had got even.

Another Racing Yarn.

DOWN at the Woodbine they tell another story illustrating the folly of the man who becomes infatuated with his own horse. A year or so ago a real good fellow brought a steeplechaser to the Ontario Jockey Club meet with the expectation that he was going to sweep all before him. One day he told his friends: 'Play him strong to-morrow; he's in the right company to win, and the odds will be long." The odds were long and the friends bet heavily, but the beast ran last. The spring meet ended and the horse went away to the American tracks. One day the Toronto friends of the owner received a telegram advising them to put a bet on him next day at Latonia as it was "a cinch" and the odds would be long. A number of them made the play just because they felt that the animal owed them money. Again he was pretty close to last.

The Autumn meet transpired and the owner came to town with his dearly beloved beast. Once more he was full of excuses and enthusiasm for the animal. He was sure he would win a certain race and before the start he told the jockey to put the spurs to the brute and to whip him all the way round because he had to win to save his face with his Toronto friends. He promised the jockey an extra fee of ten dollars whether the horse won or lost and a hundred dolars if he won. The jockey obeyed instructions with the same result as usual. That night, true to his promise, the owner handed the rider his additional ten.

"O say," responded the latter, "I don't like to take your money: why the horse ain't worth ten dollars."

Another Exploring Feat.

LITTLE has been said in the press of a rather notable feat of exploration recently performed in Canada. Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, the goal of many mountain climbers of all nationalities, has at last been reached. The honor of this remarkable achievement goes to a Canadian and a clergyman, Rev. George Kinney, of Kesemeos, B.C.

Mount Robson is not only the highest peak in Canada but it is also extremely difficult of ascent owing to its formation, rising two miles over the valleys below at an average slope of sixty degrees. Mr. Kinney has been mountain climbing for a number of years, but drifted into the sport quite accidentally. He had always been an ardent naturalist and in the quest of specimens had occasion to make short climbs up some of the smaller peaks. Gradually climbing began to grow upon him and finally he decided to ascend to the top of one of the higher mountains just to see what it was like, and also for the purpose of taking some photographs. Mr. Kinney then discovered the fascination of a long climb with a little danger to add spice to it, and from that time since has been the most ardent of mountaineers and has devoted all his vacations to this sport.

He had already made four trips up Mount Robson but never succeeded in reaching the summit. He set out this year again by himself, but picked up a Mr. Phillips who had accompanied him in previous years in the Yellowhead Pass. While waiting at the foot of the mountain for a suitable day, the provisions ran out, and when the sum total of their larder consisted of a little rice and stray gophers that they had killed, it was decided that the ascent could no longer be delayed, despite the fact that the weather was very unfavorable. The first day they made 11,000 feet and then camped for the night, utterly exhausted by fatigue, and the inclement weather. At daybreak the climb was resumed and after climbing for twenty hours they reached the summit. Mr. Kinney says it was one of the greatest moments of his life, when, after four unsuccessful attempts, he at last attained the mecca of all mountain climbers in Canada.

When asked the other day in Edmonton by the editor of The Saturday News if he lingered very long on the top, Mr. Kinney answered very emphatically in the negative. The cold was so intense that after taking some photographs, preparations were quickly made for the descent. Descending is much easier work than the climb but also more dangerous. The first part is made slowly but when the slopes became more gradual, the sliding begins. Imagine a number of toboggan slides of 2,000 feet in length, and you will have some idea of the return trip.

Mr. Kinney says that the wind at the summit has a tremendous velocity. Little wind clouds that we see floating idly by at the height of 14,000 feet have the velocity of express trains. The view, he adds, is beyond description.

What makes this successful ascent all the more interesting to Canadians is that a large party of English climbers with Swiss guides recently arrived with the avowed intention of being the first to scale Mount Robson. They set out from Edmonton headed by Mr. Amery, of the London Times, early in August, but Mr. Kinney, a representative of the Canadian Alpine Club with one companion, has forestalled them and won the coveted distinction they came so far to obtain. All hail to this athletic young clergyman!

Mr. Kinney has also made a number of discoveries in the course of his former climbs, many of great geographical importance to Canada. One, the discovery of a watershed containing a glacier, six miles in length by two miles in breadth, is used to mark part of the boundary line between Alberta and British Columbia.

This successful young Canadian mountain climber is a medium-sized man, but is possessed of an excellent physique and is very wiry and energetic.

Life is Queer in Lonely Places.

THE manners and customs of certain rural sections of the Province of Ontario have been fairly well illustrated by the telegraph despatches in the local papers this summer. In fact it has been demonstrated that both old and new Ontario offer a very fruitful field for domestic missions. The homicide at Thorndale, Ont., which the coroner's jury held to be justifiable homicide, is an instance; and indeed Middlesex county since the days of the Biddulph tragedies has been by no means backward in fattening up the news columns of the press.

A Toronto man who used to live near Thorndale told an anecdote the other day which he said was a fair sample of what goes on in many parts of the Province about six miles back from the railway. There used to live up there an old man with a large family and a bad disposition, who, though he was small in stature, dearly loved a fight. He did not care particularly whether the victim was weak or strong, male or female. Therefore he made it his practice to wallop periodically his wife and his whole family of grown-up children, daughters as well as sons. One evening after dark he went over to a neighbor's to borrow a hay-rack, and it so chanced that this neighbor had two buxom daughters who were being courted by the youths of the locality. Two swains were in the house at the time and one of them hastily borrowing a sheet slipped out the back way and encountered the venerable wife-beater a little way down the road as he was returning home. The old fellow, profoundly superstitious, was startled by the white figure which at once grasped him by the coat collar and informed him that he was the devil, and demanded that he "come along," much as a detective collars a pickpocket. The old man pleaded for his life and the Satanic personage finally agreed to give him one year more of life on condition that he would cease to abuse his family. The culprit promised and the husky impersonator of Satan dipped him up to his ears in a nearby creek, just to seal the bargain.

For six months his meekness in the presence of his family was the joke of the countryside. Unfortunately one of his sons-in-law was in the habit of looking on the wine when it was red, and one day in a merry mood he confided in the old man the jest that had been perpetrated upon him. The effect was instantaneous. The old man rushed home, and starting in with his wife gave the whole family such a series of trouncings as they had never experienced previously, even in his wildest moments.

Floods Stopped by Forests.

A GREAT French achievement in forestry; namely, the establishment of protective forests where much destruction has been caused by floods, is described in Science (New York). Says this paper:

"Toward the close of the eighteenth century about 2,500,000 acres comprised in the Department of the Landes were little more than shifting sand dunes and disease-breeding marshes. This section is now one of the richest, most productive, and healthful in France. This change has been brought about by the intelligent cultivation of pine forests. Immense forests now cover the country, the sand dunes and marshes have long since disappeared, and the wood, charcoal, turpentine, rosin, and kindred industries have brought prosperity to the department, which was formerly the most barren and miasmatic in France.

"The climate is now mild and balmy, the great change being wrought by the forests. The thin layer of clay beneath the sandy surface, formerly impervious to water, has been so pierced by the roots of the pine that there is now thorough drainage to the spongy earth below. The manufacture of rosin, tar, turpentine, pitch, pyroligneous acid, and wood vinegar is conducted about the same as in Georgia and the Carolinas. The trees destined for 'short life' are bled as soon as they are big enough to stand bleeding, when they have a circumference of a foot or fifteen inches, the sapping of young trees being the only production of a new forest for a time, and when the 'thinning out' time comes they are 'bled to death' and the timber used largely for pit props, the English demand guaranteeing a steady and profitable market. The 'standing trees,' those giving promise of most vigor, are never tapped until they are about three feet in circumference. When these have reached the age of fifty or sixty years they are cut down, and utilized for telegraph-poles and railway-ties. To prevent the spread of forest fires, wide trenches are dug about limited areas, and the space kept clear."

Some of England's great land owners. The Lloyd-George budget, with its provisions for taxing the unearned increment, has brought into prominence Britain's noble lords. By a strange circumstance the Duke of Marlborough is the cousin of Winston Churchill, the man of all men pronounced in his campaign against the large holdings of the titled Englishmen.

DOWN where the chattering thousands pass, amid the dust and rout of a host of vehicles, under the white glare of arc-lamps and the suspicious eye of the casual policeman, the Apostles of the Curb have their hour. And even though it is a very small hour and pitiful, nothing more than an amusing incident in the life of the street, a little more attractive than a hand-organ, a great deal less so than a dog-fight, for them it looms big as the realization of a mission. To this they look forward through the sordid, workaday hours of the week, to this one hour of spiritual influence when they stand forth and call out an eager warning to those who pass carelessly by the curb. And so they come, white-haired and wrinkled or in the callow hopefulness of youth, bearded men or sad-eyed matrons, bringing with them various messages of terror and of love, announcing the strange tenets of fantastic theologies, but all alike crying to those in the street that they should turn from their sins. But the people of the highway pay no attention to them, or pausing for a moment pass laughing on. Only now and then does someone really stop to listen, and add one more to the ever shifting, changing handful which makes up the congregation of the curb. But the preachers preach none the less vigorously, racking their voices that they may rise above the clamor of the street; their nasal hymns are given with undiminished unction. Neglect and ridicule merely strengthen them in their convictions. It is their time of power, and their enthusiasm blinds them to all else. This is what makes them so interesting a spectacle, in spite of the absurdities of their teaching and all the varied folly it inspires in them.

Toronto, of course, like every city of its size has its enthusiasts of this type. Although there would seem to be in this city—surnamed "of churches"—a sufficient number of ecclesiastical edifices to hold all those who seek spiritual guidance, the Church of the Curb is even more insistent in its appeal and plays a more important part here than elsewhere. To realize this one has only to walk down Yonge street some fine Sunday evening about half-past eight. On such nights as we are enjoying now, this street is thronged at that time with people in Sunday-go-meetin' attire, who stroll idly along, seeking no destination but the lights and the crowds. It is among such as these that the curb-preacher looks for his audience; and therefore this is his chosen time.

There are no preachers above College street, as that marks the northern limit of the Sunday evening parade. But just below College one finds the first vagrant Church of St. Curb, and so I found it last Sunday evening. It was much more elaborate than the usual wayside preacher's equipment, which hardly ever consists of much more than a vacant piece of roadway. In fact, it rose to the dignity of a caravan church, and suggested that the road to Eden was much like the trail to California in being navigable for prairie-schooners. A black, covered wagon stood at the corner of Elm street. Its sides were open, and a brilliant flood of electric light poured out on the upturned faces of the surrounding ring of people. The two seats running along the sides of the vehicle were filled with women and men and two or three small boys in Scotch caps, the kind with the tails down the back. They all looked rather glum and sat together very tight. On the tail-piece of the wagon a white-bearded old gentleman in clerical attire waved a leather-covered Bible, and shouted hoarsely a graphic description of the flaming pit, with local applications. As he roared out about "Hell," and "the lake of brimstone!" one might be pardoned for regarding him as a sort of hotel-barker announcing the sights of interest at the infernal hostelry, just as the bus was about to start. And through it all a quiet old brown horse switched its tail wearily, as a drowzy old lady might waggle a fan through a sermon in church. It had heard all this over and over again, and was probably wondering when it was going to get less talk and more oats.

I stood a while and listened to the sermon. It was the same old story of eternal fire and indescribable agony that used to fill our childhood dreams with terror—especially after mince-pie. The preacher simply revelled in pyrotechnic details, and his words were redolent of singed spirits. It was an impressive display of culinary theology, and one gradually acquired the notion that divine Providence was crowned with a chef's cap and wielded a fork the size of a sunbeam, as He turned poor souls that they might be properly fried on the other side. But then the congregation of the curb requires strong meat, cooked to a cinder. The subtle, mystic theology of the New Thought gets no hold on those workaday minds. Symbolism they cannot understand. But they can and do understand hoofed demons and roaring flames and shrieks of endless agony. Therefore there was a ring of eager listeners about the wagon. They gave the preacher all their attention; and he gave them hell!

A little further down Yonge street, at the corner of Louisa, there was another audience and another preacher. A little, nervous atomy of a man hopped excitedly about, waving his hand so fast that it became a blur like the spokes of a wheel, and shrilling at the top of his voice the necessity of more practice in the spiritual life, if there was to be any power in it.

"Take Daniel, my friends, take Daniel," he screamed, "he had a theory—a theory that his God was the right one—and so he walked into the den of lions—and his theory worked out all right—that's what we must do—we must walk into the lions and scare 'em—that's power—that's what having religion means!"

He drew a long breath, and then started off again, his voice soaring like the droning of a locust in August. And his whole message was "power," and more "power," and then again "power." And while he screamed he was never still a moment, but hopped about continually like an excited robin. There were three or four women with him, large, comfortable-looking women, who looked on serenely and seemed to ruminate. Altogether it made a strange picture. I waited for a few minutes but he never changed his one guinea-hen note; and so I passed on down the street to look for some other roadside apostle.

Just around the corner on Shuter street was a compact crowd of men. There were no women to be seen in it, and they were grouped closely about a central figure, who rose head and shoulders above them. This was quite different from the sprawling and loose-jointed congregation which listened to other preachers; and I was curious to hear what message could produce this effect on a lot of idle strollers. The meaning was soon clear, for they were listening to a Socialist—or, at least, so I would judge him to be, after listening to his arguments for ten or fifteen minutes.

"All wealth flows from labor," he was saying, and he proceeded to illustrate this familiar maxim with an abundance of confused instances. His statements were not always so clear as they might be, but his meaning stood out plainly—that as labor was the source of all value, so was the laborer the chief of all men. He seemed to be very young and very enthusiastic, and his earnestness evidently impressed his hearers, for they crowded about the little platform on which he stood. They were also quite the most intelligent-looking of all the curbside congregations.

Farther down the street again, at the corner of Albert street, there was a very small and rapidly changing group standing about a man whose voice rang out clear and high above the noise of the street, and whose Scotch burr was possible only for those who have been brought up on haggis and bannocks. As for his subject, which he was laying down with a cold and concentrated fury, anyone might know that it was bound to be predestination. If you were saved, you were saved for good and all, and you went to a Scotch heaven where St. Peter wore kilts and the choiring cherubim sang to an accompaniment of bag-pipes. But if unkind fate denied you these joys, then it was hell for yours, and there was no way out of your spending eternity bobbing about merrily in a sort of huge porridge-bowl, and drinking long draughts of brimstone-usquebaugh. And these drastic truths were driven home with many a dark text and many an involved argument. It was all very learned in biblical lore and all very Scotch, and so no wonder the audience was small. I saw that there were three other preachers standing waiting for their turn at the half dozen or more listeners, and I walked on, pursued by some "vair-r-rse" of some "chaipter" or other from I don't know what, except that it reminded me of the way Scotch elocutionists elocute Burns.

There were no more preachers from there to the corner of Adelaide. But when I got so far as this, I heard the strains of a melodion and the notes of a powerful baritone voice uplifted in one of the good old hymns which have grown to be the greatest of folk-songs. "Onward Christian Soldiers" he sang, and the little organ bravely droned out its accompaniment. The singer made an end, as I joined the quite large group about him. He pushed back a light felt hat and mopped his forehead.

"And now, boys," he said, "we'll try another—just to see how you're getting along."

This time it was old "Greenland's Icy Mountains." The "boys" didn't seem to get on very well. A few of them hummed a little, and one or two made a half-hearted attempt at singing; but the height of the heavens seemed to frighten them. It is one thing to sing under a roof, and quite another to sing under the stars. But the man at the organ raised his powerful baritone with perfect ease, and he appeared to find no discouragement in the fact that he was singing alone, or almost alone. But he was not without sympathy and support, for behind him stood a tired-looking woman who sang with him as well and as loudly as she could. And alongside on the asphalt lay a magnificent St. Bernard dog, a great shaggy fellow, who took what part he could in the proceedings by wagging his tail and rolling over on his back at intervals. And then I saw by the vague and unseeing way in which the man at the organ turned his face from side to side that he was blind

He struck into that old stand-by of the hymnist of the curb—"Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" A husky young fellow, very much the worse of wear, thereupon stepped unsteadily forward and taking off his hat joined in the chorus. He waved his battered lid in encouragement to the others, and by way of showing a good example would come in with tremendous energy on the "Where—," but always trailed off weakly on what followed, making up for vocal deficiencies by affectionate advances to the dog, who received them on his back with his paws spread in invitation. When the last enquiry had been made with regard to the whereabouts of the wanderer, this volunteer chorister was led to remark:

"Well, he's not in jail anyway—at least not yet."

"Amen." said the man at the melodion.

Then another hymn was sung, about knowing the Redeemer "by the print of the nails in his hand." When it was over the blind man stood up and gave a simple little talk to the effect that he felt sure there were other means of recognizing the Saviour. One should be able to see it in his face, to tell it by the sound of his voice. It was all very quiet and rather impressive because of its evident sincerity. One felt little inclination to be critical of either diction or thought; and those who stood about seemed to feel that there was much of truth in the words of this sightless Apostle of the Curb.

He was the last of the street preachers and also the best and most interesting. But they all seemed to be sincere, and however widely one might disagree with their point of view, they at least gave a religious tone, a sort of Sunday flavor, to the life of the street.

P. D.

That Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton should write a biography of Mr. Bernard Shaw is one of those combinations of incongruities that appeal to popular fancy. This "Illustrated biography," as Mr. Chesterton has named it, will be published by the John Lane Company this fall. It has been rumored, by the way, that Mr. Shaw will come to America shortly to address the national convention of the unemployed in the United States.

Requiring Directors to Direct.

FOR the United States the wreck or robbery of banks permitted by the negligence of directors in not exercising the vigilant supervision that their position demanded has happened often enough to make the editorial writers strongly indorse the decision of the New York Supreme Court by which thirteen former directors of the Trust Company of the Republic are held financially responsible for the losses suffered by the company through loans made upon securities of the United States Ship-Building Company. The facts of the case are thus reviewed by The Philadelphia Record:

"In 1902, when the rage of promoting industrial trusts with floods of watered stock was at its height, a coteries of clever operators created the United States Ship-Building Company, known as the Ship Trust. On this watered stock the Trust Company of the Republic advanced large sums of money, and after raking an enormous profit the promoters withdrew from the concern. The Ship Trust was soon wrecked on the shores of Wall Street, and the Trust Company of the Republic along with it. Of the ruin very little was left for the depositors of the financial trust, while the stockholders lost all. One of the stockholders then brought suit against the directors of the Trust Company of the Republic, who had neglected to direct, to make them responsible for the loss. As the result of the suit the court has decided that the directors, with the exception of one who was absent at a critical period of the financial transactions between the financial trust and the promoters of the Ship Trust, must make good the loss to the last dollar."

In delivering the opinion of the court, Judge C. C. Van Kirk said in part:

"When the duty of knowing exists, ignorance due to negligence of duty creates the same liability as actual knowledge and failure to act thereon. Where trusted officers cause loss, the directors who trusted them, and therefore neglected to exercise the care a reasonably prudent man would exercise in his own affairs, can not escape liability if such care would have avoided or lessened the loss. It is not a full performance of duty to employ competent officers who are believed to be reliable. The directors have other and additional duties."

"Directors who do not direct should heed the warning," says The Cleveland Plain Dealer, adding that the decision has framed in a judicial decree "a thought that has been in every thinking man's mind." Further, The Plain Dealer says:

"This should prove the death-knell of the man who assumes to direct the affairs of an institution, who stands before his community in the character of a trustee, but who, through negligence or incapacity, refuses to perform the duties of a trustee—of the director who does not direct. The story is almost as old as the history of embezzlement. In an overwhelming majority of cases involving the dishonesty of bank officials the wrongdoing could have been prevented or stopt in its inception had the directors, the official superiors of the criminals, performed their full duty. Had they done what they made pretense before their community of doing, their subordinates in most cases would have been saved the ignominy of penal servitude, their institutions the crushing blow of a failure, and their community the convulsion of a financial crash.

"The bank director should either direct the affairs of his bank or give way to one who will. The director who refuses to direct is an anomaly and a menace."

War in the Air: Wrights vs. Curtiss.

AT last the aeroplane is in court! This at least is proof that it has passed the experimental stage. Inventors do not sue for infringements on useless patents. The Wrights, Orville and Wilbur, have just brought a suit in equity against the Aeronautical Society of New York to prevent the exhibition and use of a Curtiss aeroplane, on the ground that it infringes the Wright patents. This first aeroplane case at law is thus in effect a contest between the two foremost American aeronauts, and as such will attract world-wide attention, especially since Mr. Curtiss has carried off the International Cup in the recent contest at Reims. The case also, as is pointed out by an editorial writer in The Scientific American is likely to result in the first complete review of the state of aeroplane art in patent law, and will settle once and for all who should be legally acknowledged as the inventor of the balancing devices which are now employed in many aeroplanes. We read:

"Although we have not complete data before us, it is safe to say that the Wrights will undoubtedly base their chief claims for infringement on their method of warping the planes. Whether or not this method is new with them must, of course, be determined by a court. To understand just what warping the wings means, we must first understand something of the principles of an aeroplane's flight. An aeroplane may be defined as a surface propelled horizontally in such a manner that the resulting pressure of air from beneath prevents its falling. . . . . The most familiar example of an aeroplane is the kite of our boyhood. We all remember how we kept it elevated even in a light breeze by running with it against the wind. The cord may be regarded as the resultant of two forces asting at right angles—the one the pressure of the wind, the other the weight of the kite. Substitute the pull or the thrust of a propeller for the horizontal component (pressure) and an aeroplane flying-machine is created. If this were all, the problem of artificial flight would have been solved long ago. There remains the extremely difficult art of balancing the plane so that it will skate on an even keel. Even birds find it hard to maintain this stability. . . . . If the living aeroplanes of nature find the feat of balancing so difficult, it is no wonder that men have been killed in endeavoring to discover their secret."

A sailing-canoe in a stiff breeze, the writer goes on to say, affords a striking example of what this task of balancing means. As the wind heels the canoe over, the canoeist must climb out on the outrigger, so that his weight will balance the wind-pressure. In a canoe the feat is comparatively easy; in an aeroplane it may demand constant and swift movement. Otto Lilienthal, the pioneer experimenter, met death because he was not quick enough in balancing his "glider." Pilcher, an Englishman, was killed in a similar way. Octave Chanute, who continued the work of Lilenthal, devised an apparatus in which the center of air pressure was mechanically controlled, so that there was no longer the perilous necessity of indulging in aerial gymnastics. To quote again:

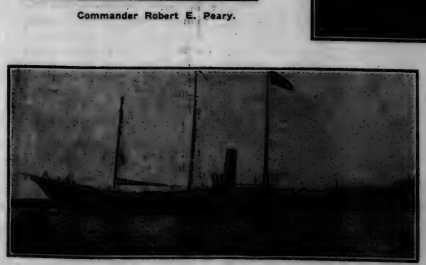
"In his machine, the tips of the planes, when struck by a gust of wind, would fold slightly backward, thus considerably curtailing the tendency of the center of air-pressure to shift. The Wright brothers warp the ends of the planes for the same purpose. In his earlier machines Curtiss, instead of warping the ends of the planes, employed wing-tips, which were moved up down. The effect was the same. In the new Curtiss machine acquired by the Aeronautic Society and involved in the present infringement suit, no attempt whatever is made either to provide the main planes with movable tips or to warp them. Instead, the balancing planes are carried between the main supporting planes. These intermediate balancing planes are rotated about horizontal axes, in order to balance the entire machine. The court will therefore be called upon to decide whether or not these intermediate planes of Curtiss, entirely unconnected with the main supporting frames, are the mechanical equivilents of the Wright brothers' plane-warping devices. If they are, the court will further have to pass upon the question whether Chanute's wing-tips were an anticipation of the Wright brothers' plane-warping invention."

Few persons are aware that Teheran, the capital of Persia, is one terminal of the longest telegraphic circuit in the world. London is the other terminal, and the distance between these two cities by wire is 4,000 miles. The operator at one end communicates directly with the man at the other, because an automatic repeating apparatus takes the place of an operator at each of the ten relay stations along the circuit. Lowestoft, in Norfolk, is the first repeating station from London. There the wires enter the North Sea and run beneath the water for a distance of two hundred miles, emerging at Emden, Hanover, where the second automatic repeater catches the message. Berlin, Warsaw, Rouno, Odessa, Kertch, Sukhum, Kaleh, Tiflis, and Taurus then transmit it in turn until the operator at Teheran receives the "wire." The line is extended from the Persian capital as far as India, but the circuit between London and Teheran is considerably longer.

RIVAL CLAIMANTS TO THE "FARTHEST NORTH."

Commander Robert E. Peary.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook.



The Roosevelt, Commander Peary's ship.

Commander Robert E. Peary and Dr. Frederick A. Cook have both arrived in America, and are now giving to the world their individual stories of the conquest of the North Pole. Dr. Cook claims priority of discovery, while Commander Peary in turn asserts that Cook did not journey northward over two "sleeps" from the mainland.

The Iniquity of the Stymie

WILLIAM EVERETT HICKS, writes as follows in Harper's Weekly on a subject of interest to Canadian as well as American golfers:

The iniquity of the stymie lies in the fact that it violates the fundamental principle of golf, namely, that nothing that his opponent does shall be allowed to interfere with a player's game. In other words, the theory of golf is that a player must overcome only the natural obstacles of the course, such as hills, valleys, bunkers, whins, wind, rain, and all sorts of hazards. This idea is consistently carried out until the putting-green is reached, when the opponent's ball may become the chief obstacle to winning the hole. As every golfer knows, a stymie occurs when a ball is in the line of play of another ball.

Golf differs from cricket, baseball, tennis, pole, lacrosse, etc., in that a player plays his own ball independently of his opponent. Also the ball must always be at rest when played. In these two particulars—playing the ball independently and striking it while at rest—golf is the direct opposite of the other games in principle, and but for the stymie would be in actual practice. However, the stymie introduces an element on the putting-green that mixes golf and billiards. Playing in England in 1904, the year he won the international championship, Walter J. Travis, when Mr. Blackwell laid him a stymie, hit his opponent's ball so hard with his own that the former jumped the hole while his own dropped into the cup—that is, the stymie compelled him to play a billiard "follow" shot, the absurdity of which is at once seen when one remembers that the rules permit the opponent's ball so hit to be replaced.

The stymie is an imitation billiard idea and a poor one at that, for it can be played only when the balls are six inches apart. Just why this limitation of distance is made is not clear. If the stymie is a fair golf situation, why restrict it to the putting-green and to a distance of more than six inches? The answer given is that the inside ball is lifted when within six inches, because the shot is too hard to make when the balls are so close together. In a word, the stymie is all wrong if it is too hard, but all right if not quite so hard. But what standard is there for measuring the difficulty of making the shot? A stymie easy for one man may be impossible for another. I am certain that Mr. Travis will "negotiate" a putt when the balls are only five inches apart more easily than nine of ten players will with the balls eight inches apart. Who has laid down the rule of six inches? What is that standard determined by? Any shot that is not golf within six inches is not golf outside six inches.

The argument that the stymie is as fair for one player as another in a match is wide of the mark, because it is not a question of proportional fairness that is involved, but a question of golf. If it were only a matter of fairness to each player any kind of innovation might be introduced on the putting-green. For example, applying the billiard idea still further, we might add this rule:

"Whenever a player shall hole out by making a carrom, or cannon, from his opponent's ball directly into the hole he shall be deemed to have won the hole, whether playing the like, the odd, or two more."

This would add still more variety to the game and still further make the sport a potpourri of billiards and golf. But why stop with the mere "billiardizing" of the game on the putting-green? Why not give it a touch of croquet, which could be pleasantly introduced by this rule:

"When the two balls are in contact on the putting-green—that is, frozen—the player of the far ball may put his foot on his ball and drive away his opponent's ball by striking his own as in croquet. His opponent shall not be allowed to replace."

Another serious objection to the stymie is that it gives a false measure of the relative merits of players. One example will illustrate this. In the play for the chief cup at the annual invitation tournament of the Wykagyl Club, near New York, last summer, the club champion, Bermingham, had Floyd of the New York Golf Club two down going to the thirteenth tee. He was two up only by virtue of stymies—one at the first hole and one at the twelfth. Floyd's game at all points had been as good as his opponent's. Now, suppose all the other holes had been halved from the thirteenth in. The final score would have shown Bermingham two up, which would by no means have been a true measure of their comparative skill, although appearing on its face to indicate a marked superiority.

That the theory of golf is opposed to interference with a player's game by his opponent is shown by Rule 9, Section 2, which reads thus: "If the player's ball move the opponent's ball through the green or in a hazard the opponent, if he choose, may drop a ball without penalty," etc. Also by Rule 16, which says: "When the balls lie within a club length of each other through the green or in a hazard, the ball lying nearer the hole may at the option of either the player or opponent be lifted till the other ball is played." If a ball is not allowed to interfere with an opponent's ball "through the green," why should it do so on the putting-green? Why does a ball become an obstacle, a hazard, on a putting-green when not on a fair green? Why does a putting-green thus differ from a fair green? Indeed, one would think that interference by a ball would be most deprecated near the hole, for there the delicate final shots of the hole take place.

The stymie is opposed to the spirit of golf, as is shown by Rule 32, Section 2, which provides: "If the player's ball move the opponent's ball the opponent, if he choose, may replace it." Now, if it be against the spirit of golf for a player's *moving* ball to interfere with an opponent's ball, why should a ball at rest be allowed to interfere as in a stymie? What peculiar sanctity attaches to a ball at rest? To be consistent, Rule 32 should read like this: "If a player's ball on the putting-green move his opponent's ball the opponent's ball may be replaced only at the option of the player." With that rule and the rule on stymies and carroms in force we could convert the putting green into a billiard-table.

The stymie makes a difference between match and stroke play that is unnecessary. A man plays in the qualifying round of a tournament on a stroke basis and stymies are barred. The next day in match play stymies are played. It is in a certain sense, although not wholly a parallel case, as if in trial heats of a foot-race elbowing were forbidden, though permitted in the final heat. Again, the score in match play because of stymies does not always represent the true work of a player.

Golf, for the purposes of illustration, may be likened to a Marathon race in which the runners are to overcome the obstacles of the distance without interfering with one another. On the principle of the stymie the racers in the last half-mile or last one hundred yards should be allowed to elbow one another or otherwise block one another's progress. This would be mixing foot-racing and football, just as the stymie mixes billiards and golf. Discussing the new code of rules last December, one of America's best players of national fame said: "Stymies are defensible on the ground that they are capable of being negotiated by the exercise of the highest degree of skill." If the test is to be that of "highest skill," then why limit the shot by the six-inch rule?

Beavers Inspire Respect.

"I HAVE yet to meet the man who can walk for the first time through a beaver works, as the range of a colony of beavers is called, and not feel something of the sentiment of human association," says a writer in Baily's Magazine.

"It is a sensation very similar to what we feel when we come out unexpectedly into a woodland clearing after a long day spent in the unbroken solitudes.

"I once stood with a learned professor of Columbia College on the bank of a stream in eastern Canada and looked down on a freshly made beaver dam—one of the best in point of construction that I had ever seen. It was indeed a really stupendous affair for a beaver to have made. Built of alder poles and brush, weighted with mud and small stones, it was fifty feet long, six feet high and raised the level of the water by about sixty inches.

"Seen from the upstream side it presented the appearance of a more or less evenly disposed array of short sticks protruding from a long mound of mud just level with the surface of the restrained water; from below the brushwood supporting the dam proper was plainly visible and the ingenuity of its placing at once apparent.

"There was of course none of that 'pile driving' or 'basket weaving' which at one time played so large a part in the picturesque descriptions by fanciful writers, but despite its roughness, it was a really remarkable piece of animal engineering. My companion inspected it for several minutes in impressed silence.

"I should be afraid to kill a thing that knew so much," he said thoughtfully."

Life on a Polar Trail

FROM the accounts given us by Peary and Cook it would seem that what the Arctic Zone needs most is a good-roads movement. Though all life in the frozen North is fraught with danger and difficulty, it is the sledge journey that most severely tries the explorer. From an article by a well-informed writer in The New York Evening Post we quote the following:

Fuel is never plentiful enough for the sledging party to use it in drying their clothes. Socks, which must be changed daily, have to be dried out in trousers' pockets or against the owner's chest, by the heat of the body. On the march, furs are worn only upon the hands and feet, but you heap them all over you when there is a stop for luncheon or in camp at night. After a time the furs become so stiff from the accumulated frozen bodily moisture that the wearer has a hard wriggle to get into them. The most intense suffering on the sledge dash, it has been said, is in the course of running about and doing calisthenics for the purpose of thawing out fur garments into which one has painfully inserted himself when they were as hard as boards.

The sledgers camp under silk tents. All the men of the party, covered with furs, lie close together through the night to keep each other warm. . . .

Keeping food in a condition regarded as fit by civilized nations is next to impossible in the Arctic region. Minced meat freezes until it has to be disintegrated with hatchets. Syrup grows so hard that it can not be broken at all. Bread becomes filled with ice particles. Bacon cuts like leather. The butter falls away in hard chips. The whisky is milky. The tobacco breaks up until it is a fine powder, like snuff, and a pipe-smoker must draw continually if he wants to keep the tube from freezing.

When Fridtj of Nansen was making his fifteen months' sledging trip with Captain Johansen, he recorded in a diary the obstacles that had been met by him, as well as by previous explorers. The pressure ridges, over which the two men had to clamber, dragging their loaded sledges after them, were continuous from the time they bade farewell to the little steamship Fram. Occasionally they had broad expanses of flat ice, but more often series of uneven hillocks. . . .

Nansen had hardly a day without some mishap. Among the trivial annoyances was the piercing of a bag of flour by a jagged bit of ice; the men had to stop a whole hour while they gathered up the precious food. Another time their odometer—the machine for recording distances walked—was broken in an ice jam. Then they missed one of their dogs and spent a day going back to look for it, only to find the animal so sick that they turned it loose. Their clothes froze at night. "If we had only been able to get them off," wrote Nansen "they could have stood by themselves, and they cracked audibly every time we moved." A frozen sleeve cut a gash in his wrist that left him scarred for life.

It was not long before they reached the stage where they had to kill some of their dogs, and the flesh was offered to the other animals. At first the faithful creatures went supperless rather than eat their team mates; later they overcame the repulsion, devouring hair and all. . . .

When Nansen and his companions were nearing Franz Josef Land, where they spent a winter living on walrus and seal meat in a hut, they found themselves in the midst of the worst series of ice-pressure ridges encountered anywhere. "It was as if some giant had hurled down enormous blocks pell-mell, and had strewn wet snow in between them, with water underneath," said Nansen. There were deep pools between the blocks. Jumping from one to another, they pulled their sledges laboriously. On each sledge was a boat (kayak) for crossing the open water ahead, besides their camp equipment, and what was left of their provisions and fuel. As they were nearing the end of the rough ice, they were attacked by a great bear, which Nansen shot, after it had slapped Johansen and two dogs.

A Submarine Salvage Boat.

THE French navy has recently acquired a new type of vessel, a submarine salvage boat, the Vulcain. Her length is 43 metres over all, the extreme beam is 7.72 metres, and her draught is approximately 3 metres. Displacing 330 tons, her engines of 450 horse-power give the boat a speed of 11 or 12 knots. The hull of the Vulcain is of galvanized steel plates, and a double bottom extends all along the vessel, except beneath the machinery space. There are several water-tight compartments fore and aft, and in addition to the usual auxiliaries there is a powerful pump driven by a separate engine.

The lifting apparatus, combined with the flotation which may be obtained by pumping out the ballast tanks, is capable of raising about 100 tons. In the actual work of salving, the Vulcain will be brought over the sunken submarine and chains will be passed around or attached to the wrecked craft. After the chains have been pulled in by the winches or capstan until the submerged vessel is at a convenient depth, it is then towed to the nearest harbor, where the salvage may be completed.

If the wreck is too heavy to be handled in this way, another method will be adopted. After chains have been fastened to the sunken submarine, the Vulcain will take in water ballast and sink to her lowest level of safety. Then, after taking in the slack on the chains, the water ballast will be pumped out and the vessel will rise and thus lift the submarine off the bottom. After steaming to a shallow place the wreck will be lowered to the bottom and the operation repeated. In this manner any disabled submarine may be raised to a convenient depth for towing into port. Of course the large pumps on the salvage boats would be used, whenever possible, in lightening the submerged vessel.

September.

THERE'S a haze that hides the meadows and the river from the hills;
There's a wealth of royal purple where the cricket chirps and trills;
There is gold in rich abundance—come and gather while ye may;
Come and breathe the breath of summer—gain a lifetime in a day.

There are lilies red and glowing in the marshland lying low,
There are tiny asters all astir where soft the breezes blow;
Come and gather, come and gather, of the blossoms red and white;
Learn the lore of field and meadow by the summer's lingering light.

For the sumach bush is all aflame, the maple catches fire;
From twig to twig the color runs as high the flames aspire.
Come and breathe the breath of summer—there's a whisper in the trees
That she's going, going, going. Who would lose such days as these?

—Virginia Lewis, in Outing Magazine.

A Golf Story.

A NOTABLE trio of Manhattan golfers, Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve, Martin W. Littleton and Patrick Francis Murphy, three weeks ago were at the Hanger Hill course in the London suburbs. P. A. Vails tells in Golf Illustrated how Littleton made a match with a stranger on a course in France, near Paris.

"His man was waiting for him at the first tee," runs the story, "and now Littleton noticed that he had only one arm, and his conscience smote him; but the memory of many dozens of balls paid to two armed golfers came to his assistance, and although he felt a bit mean about it he said to himself 'I am after this.'

"His opponent did not speak English very well. 'Give a stroke and have a ball a hole,' he said.

"Littleton thought he was asking for a stroke a hole, and as he plays quite a fair game, Patrick Francis Murphy notwithstanding, he agreed, still feeling somewhat as though he were taking an advantage.

"Littleton drove first and topped his drive. His opponent drove a screaming ball low and straight and true, with the beautiful upward soar at the end of it that proclaims the true wind cheater. Littleton hacked about a bit and got down in five. The other man laid his approach dead and ran down his put for a three. This was too good to be true, said Littleton, and he pitied him all the more, for Littleton really is a soft hearted chap—for a lawyer.

"Now to Littleton's amazement he found that the one armed man was giving him the stroke, not getting it, and he felt, as he would say in America, 'real mean,' but—again those memories. This surely was a chance to get a little of his own back. So he steeled his heart and played that game, and, to cut a long story short, when he had finished it he owed the one armed man eighteen balls.

"When Littleton had paid him he asked: 'What is your name?'

"'St. Ives, sir,' replied the man quietly.

"This happened at La Boulie and Martin W. Littleton had struck the famous one armed professional.

"That is how he got 'square' with Europe."

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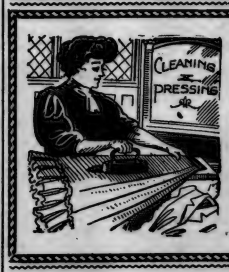

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SPORTING COMMENT

THE baseball season is over so far as Toronto is concerned, and the only interest in life left to the local fans is figuring out the chances of the leading teams, and discussing the prospects for another year—naturally rather an indefinite proposition. The Toronto team has pretty well come to anchor in fourth place, and the few remaining games can hardly affect their position. The best possible for them would be third. As for the championship, Rochester seems to have that pretty well secured, after the beatings the Leafs have been handing out to the Newarks of late. The local team did not show up very well against the Hustlers, though they made a game struggle. And after helping to boost the Rochester percentage they have still further earned Mr. Ganzel's gratitude by lowering that of his dreaded rivals. But when all is said and done, the Rochesters really deserve the pennant after leading the league all season as they did.

The year has been a good one for baseball in Toronto. Even when the luck was against them, the team put up a good article of ball and thoroughly deserved the support the fans gave them. Especially towards the end they have been playing a fine snappy game which has made them an important factor in deciding the championship. The destruction of the ball grounds at Hanlan's Point was a great setback for the management of the team, but the old Diamond Park grounds rose nobly to the occasion, and served to fill the gap. But the lack of accommodation was seriously felt at times, and never more so than at the final double-header on Saturday last. Then the crowd was so great that it invaded the field, and led to an unfortunate outbreak. The disturbance showed for one thing the necessity of having better police protection at ball games. The few policemen at the grounds on Saturday were almost entirely helpless in the endeavor to handle the crowd, and it is to be regretted that the police authorities saw fit to forbid policemen off duty taking a small bonus from the ball club for watching the crowds. This was no hardship on the policeman, who enjoyed the chance to see the game; and it was a good means of having extra men on the grounds in case of trouble. Altogether the incident was a regrettable conclusion to a very successful and enjoyable season of baseball.

* * *

JUST now the horse has come into his own again in Toronto, and so far the fall meet at Woodbine has proved very successful. The races have as a rule been run in fast time and with close finishes. The fine weather, too, has permitted large attendances, and the grounds have presented their usual picturesque appearance. One feature which makes for the greater animation of the scene at the fall meet is that the colder weather encourages the spectators to move about more brisky and spend less time in the shelter of the stands. The result is abundance of movement and life, especially where the bookies live and move and make their little bets.

* * *

TALKING of races and betting, the arrest of a number of persons at the Gravesend racetrack may put the Agnew-Hart anti-betting law to a further test that will be welcomed by the turf governors. The recording of wagers by persons who accept them is conceded to be illegal, and if it can be shown that any of the accused men violated this particular point in the new law there will be very little sympathy for them. But according to eminent legal authorities who discussed this new phase of the situation, the acceptance of a cash deposit before entering a racetrack as a guarantee against possible loss cannot be twisted into an infraction of the law on the part of a layer of odds. As a matter of fact some lawyers who have looked into the oral betting problem maintain that if it is legal to make an oral wager which can be settled with cash later on it is equally lawful to make a wager with money.

"Surely the courts in deciding that oral bets are legal did not rule that such bets could not be paid," said a lawyer to The New York Sun. "Therefore it is simply common sense—and good law is generally based on common sense—that a man who makes a cash wager is acting within the legal requirements as much as a man who bets orally on credit. For that reason it is hard to believe that a man who is willing to give credit violates the law by accepting a cash guarantee of good faith. It has already been decided that a so-called layer can quote odds and accept wagers without limit and at the same time does not break the law against bookmaking unless he records such wagers, for the moment he makes written records of transactions he becomes a bookmaker.

"The Agnew-Hart law abolished bookmaking, which consisted of the acceptance of bets which were recorded on sheets or in books by clerks. But the law did not abolish betting, as the courts have since ruled. If the men arrested at Gravesend can be convicted of accepting and recording bets well and good, for they will not have a leg to stand on, but the charge that they received a cash guarantee in return for credit will open a controversy which may prove to be a boomerang. The law as interpreted by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court is plain enough, and I am satisfied that it has been enforced to the letter as far as possible. It may be shown that some of the prisoners just gathered in have violated the law, in which case the Jockey Club will applaud the authorities. But at the same time the courts may have another chance to show that the Agnew-Hart law is by no means invulnerable, in which event there will be more freedom of action than has existed hitherto."

LEARNING TO PLAY GOLF.
A novel school of golf has been established in the centre of London, Eng., so that hard-worked city men can learn the game while far from the links. Nets keep the balls within bounds.

* * *

ITALY can certainly turn out some great runners. Dorando showed it at Shepherd's Bush and elsewhere, and now Emilio Lunghi has proved that Italians are even better at the sprints than they are at the long game. His winning of the half-mile at Montreal in 1 min. 52⅘ sec. was a magnificent display of speed; and the greatness of the performance can be better appreciated when it is understood that the previous world's record which he beat by three-fifths of a second, was fourteen years old. It was made by C. H. Kilpatrick in New York in 1895. The other world's record to go at the Montreal meet was the record for the discus-throw, Martin J. Sheridan putting it a distance of 139 feet 102 inches. The previous record was 138 feet 10 inches. Three Canadian records were also broken. The meet was interesting as being the first to be held since the agreement between the powers that rule in athletics. It was much to be regretted, however, that the short notice given did not permit of Ontario athletes attending as they otherwise would have done. Had they been able to go, it is unlikely that the American competitors would have been able to walk away with so many of the events.

* * *

THE most notable of the Old World items of recent date was the London to Brighton road walk of 51¾ miles, and in which H. L. Ross of the Tooting A.C. made a new record. He covered the long stretch of turnpike between the Westminster Clock Tower and the Brighton Aquarium in 8 hours 11 minutes 14 seconds, or exactly 7 minutes 4 seconds better than the previous mark held by T. E. Hammond, and made only four months ago. Hammond was not among the starters, but he was on the ground and watched every move of the winner and gave him some help in the way of coaching toward the last stage of the grind. Out of the lot that went to the post at the start twenty-seven finished, and it is said that not once had these to be cautioned about their methods of progression. They were given to understand at the outset that only fair heel and toe going would be allowed, and the watchers for lifting and skipping were not once called upon to exercise their authority. The men were sent on their way at 4 o'clock in the morning, and the first to lead was A. R. Edwards of the Lancashire Walking Club. He strode along as if the journey was but ten miles, and at quarter of a mile had a gap of fifty yards opened up between himself and his nearest opponent. Edwards was in the van at four miles, his time being 35 minutes 59 seconds. Soon after Payne came along and went by Edwards, who thus early had shot his bolt. The figures for five miles with Payne cutting out the work was 45 minutes 26 seconds. Here Butler became aggressive, and forcing the pace snatched the lead from Payne.

Going well and with plenty of life to his stride the ex-champion led for the next four miles, his time at the ten mile post being 1 hour 30 minutes 14 seconds, with Payne only a couple of strides behind him. During the next three-quarters of a mile Butler and Payne tried each other hard for the lead, but Payne had it at 11 miles, which were covered in 1 hour 39 minutes 34 seconds. Butler was not to be so easily shaken off and he came again and took the lead at 12 miles, making it in 1 hour 49 minutes 7 seconds. All this time Ross was moving with a fine, free style and within hailing distance of the leaders, and he picked up his pace when he saw they were slowing down a bit. Just before passing Purley Corner, which is about twelve and a half miles out, he shot into the lead and was never afterward headed. His time for 20 miles was 3 hours 1 minute 6 seconds, and for 30 miles 4 hours 35 minutes 29 seconds. Payne, who was walking in second place, was about a mile and a half behind.

For 40 miles Ross's time was 6 hours 13 minutes 32 seconds, Payne being more than two miles off. Nearing the forty-second mile post Roberts began to overhaul Payne, so that at 43 miles Roberts had the place by about twenty-five yards, and he kept there to the finish, his time being 8 hours 36 minutes 3 seconds. Payne came in third in 8 hours 37 minutes 9 seconds. Ross, the winner, has been only two years at the game of road walking, and this event has been the only one he trained for. He is said to be a fine natural walker.

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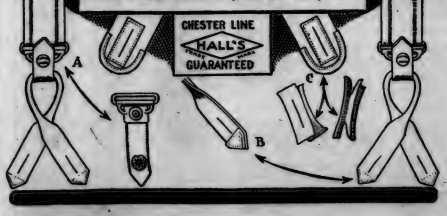

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THE DRAMA

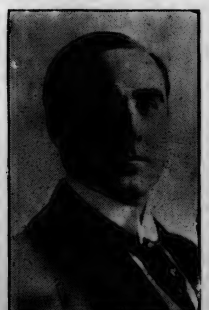
RUTH MAYCLIFFE,
In "The Bachelor," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

AFTER one has become used to a stage favorite in a certain line of parts, it comes with something of a shock to see him in a quite different role. Instead of the variety being welcome, the change is apt to create a prejudice against the new vehicle. This is what one feels at first in seeing De Wolf Hopper, the large and unctuous, descended from his high estate as a monarch of comic opera, shorn of his silk tights and crown and purple and gold, and become a mere actor, a wearer of ordinary clothes—and no changes at that. And this violation of musical comedy traditions is probably the reason why Hopper, who is always funny, seems to be a little less funny this time than in his days of regal splendor. His unction is not quite so unctuous as of yore; and all the little tricks of voice and gesture, which proved so irresistible in his royal robes, seem at times even a bit out of place in the character of a broken-down tragedian. That is the worst of introducing an element of realism into the delightfully fantastic art of the greatest of musical comedy kings. But in spite of all this, "A Matinee Idol," as seen at the Princess this week, is a very interesting production, after the drags of the first act are gotten over. The piece is well staged, the chorus is large and well gowned and can dance, and Hopper gets excellent support from the other members of the cast. Harriet Burt, the leading lady, is especially good—somewhat after the fashion of Anna Held. She is good-looking, and can sing, and her dancing is all to the Salome. But just the same, why didn't they put De Wolf in an impossible kingdom with an unpronounceable name, give him lots of clothes of gaudy hue, and a few domestic and political troubles to occupy his mind? He'd be happier, and so would the rest of us.

* * *

IT may be Margaret Mayo, the American adapter—or should I say adaptress—or it may be the author of the German original, but it certainly is not Dickens. It is true that the Dickens names are there, and the Marshalsea prison is the scene of two acts of the play; but the story is not Dickens, and the spirit is very far from that of Dickens. The William Dorrit who is the chief character in "The Debtors" is a stiff, pompous old egotist, very different from the gentle and rather snivelling character whom Dickens made famous as the "father of the Marshalsea." And the whole story is changed around, so as to fit it for what are regarded as the requirements of the stage. The result, as witnessed at the Alexandra this week, is not altogether successful. Neither would it be fair to call the production a failure, in spite of rough places in the performance and occasional drags in interest. The play is altogether too talky. There is not enough doing, and far too much saying. But considerable interest naturally accrues to the play as being a dramatization, however free, of a well known work of the most popular of English novelists. The production is also well staged, the costumes and scenery being very good. But the strongest claim of the play on public patronage is in the acting of the company, which is almost uniformly good. Mr. Digby Bell is an old stage favorite in character parts, and one can always rely on him for earnest and careful work. In the present play, however, he is not entirely well cast, his manner being somewhat too American for the character he is called on to act. But beyond some little discordant tricks of pronunciation and manner, his interpretation is an excellent one from the point of view of the play, which is quite different from that of the book. But it is Miss Kathleen Clifford who is the great attraction of the play. Her work as Amy is unusually good, and though her "little Amy" is rather more bustling and assertive than Dickens' gentle heroine, she has caught the true spirit of the role and gives a really charming interpretation of the part. The other members of the company give excellent support to the two stars.

ELSIE JANIS
In "The Fair Co-Ed," at the Princess next week.



SIDNEY JARVIS,
A Toronto singer in "The Fair Co-Ed."

* * *

ALTHOUGH this notice is necessarily a week late, so striking a performance as "Madame X." cannot be allowed to go without a few words of comment. This play, the first serious production of a French dramatist whose reputation is world-wide as a writer of farces, is quite the most notable performance that has been given in Toronto this season, and in spite of some obvious faults of workmanship deserves careful consideration. It has been said that the story, which is far too well known to need repetition here, is intended to show the power of mother-love to resist even the lowest degradation and live on in the midst of sordid misery and hopeless vice. And the play shows this, too. But still more strikingly is it intended to demonstrate the evil that follows on a husband's refusal to forgive the sins of his wife. This lesson is enforced in every act, and with the greatest power in the speech of the son in the famous trial scene. And it is precisely this which takes away from the force of the production, for one constantly feels that it is a piece of special pleading—and not altogether convincing pleading—instead of "a slice of life." The offended husband was quite justified in refusing to take back a wife who had sinned against him so wantonly; and it is therefore hardly logical to represent him as the cause of her subsequent degradation and the one who was in reality guilty of her crime. And the playwright in working out his theme shows at times a still further disregard of logical development and the probabilities. The great trial scene itself is a conspicuous instance of this. Without a hint from his client the young lawyer, who is her own long-lost son, pieces together the whole of her story, and by the simple power of his eloquence moves the jury to declare the prisoner not guilty, though the evidence is overwhelmingly against her. When she is lifted dying out of the dock by her husband, who has recognized her, she takes about fifteen minutes to die, and the dramatist uses the time to work up heart interest very assiduously. Now this sort of thing is rather unconvincing and takes from what is otherwise a magnificent scene. But in spite of these blemishes the play is a really remarkable production and contains several gripping situations. The trial scene was especially poignant, but it would be greatly improved if the business of dying were conducted with greater despatch—say, in the dock on the announcement of the verdict. This would mean fewer "weeps," but it would also mean a more striking and effective last curtain.

The acting was excellent, and every advantage was taken of the opportunities offered by the play. Miss Dorothy Donnelly's work in the title role was at times even horrible in its ruthless realism. In the second act especially, in her portrayal of a hopeless victim of a multiplicity of vices, drunken, drugged, and dissolute, she displayed a versatility and a perfection of technique seldom surpassed on the local stage. Robert Drouet also did an excellent piece of work, though after the first act there was little demand on his full power. Mr. William Elliott's work as the son, Raymond, was quite worthy of the high expectations aroused by his performance in the role of August in "The Music Master," in which he was last seen in Toronto. In fact all the members of the company played their parts well, and the fine cast shared with the playwright the credit for the success of the play in this city. Twelve or more curtain calls at the end of the first performance showed what local theatre-goers thought of the play; and their verdict was a just one.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—"The Bachelor."
Princess—"The Fair Co-Ed."
Grand—"Wildfire."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Majestic—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"Serenaders."

IN view of the popularity of the Fitch plays at the present time, one might parody Tennyson's well known lines to the effect that "men may come and men may go but their plays go on forever." Certainly the plays of the most versatile and clever of American playwrights show no tendency to fall off in public esteem, now that there author has been gathered unto the dramatists of the past. Next week "The Bachelor," one of Fitch's latest efforts, will come to the Royal Alexandra, with Charles Cherry in the title role and Ruth Maycliffe as a prominent member of the cast. The company is said to be the same which played in the Maxine Elliott theatre in New York. The play had a very successful season in New York, and has so far played in hardly any other city, except Chicago. The story is that of a bachelor who has reached the period when he regards himself as immune from female wiles, but meets fate in the person of his stenographer. The result is a pretty love story, which ends happily, as all love stories should.

JOHN C. RICE,
at the Majestic next week.

* * *

Elsie Janis is coming once more to Toronto in "The Fair Co-Ed," the play which won favor here last year. Toronto has always liked Miss Janis. It liked her when as almost a child she gave extremely clever imitations of favorite players in the roles in which the public knew them best. It liked her better still when as a slim, big-eyed girl she steered to victory the huge red motor-car in "The Vanderbilt Cup." And she gained most of Toronto's favor when less than a year ago she, a tall, graceful young woman, rollicked on the stage as the saucy heroine of "The Fair Co-Ed." Toronto is therefore very glad to see her coming back. The company supporting Miss Janis is the same in all important essentials as that which had part in the long run in New York. The principal members are: Arthur Stanford, Inez Bauer, Sidney Jarvis, Edgar Halstead, Althea Francis, David Todd, Marion Mills, Gilbert Douglas, James Reaney, Elsie Steele, Harry Depp and Harry Wood.

WILL ARCHIE
In "Wildfire," at the Grand next week.

* * *

"Wildfire," the racing comedy which proved one of the great hits of its season, is coming to Toronto once more. This time the company

(*Concluded on page* 18.)

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MUSIC

THE month of September is a kind of parenthetical period, a sort of musical no man's land through which the artistic procession passes.

We are no longer marking time as was frankly the case in July and August, and yet the concert season has not yet begun, and activity in musical circles is almost entirely of a tutorial character.

During the summer the writer on musical topics has but three themes that he may enlarge upon. He may write of (a) the local band concerts, (b) matters of a reminiscent nature, (c) Dr. C. A. E. Harriss, the gentleman who never sleeps. The present worker regards it as a distinct feat in musical journalism that, during the past summer, he confined his efforts to (a) and (b), although (c) presented itself as a topic of such tempting fertility. No less than five or six articles can he recall which he refrained from writing upon the subject of the ubiquitous doctor's kaleidoscopic puffing and blowing and toiling and moiling in the cause of Imperial music.

When September comes, the writer, during the brief moments not devoted to toning down the exuberant hyperbole of the imaginative press agents, may cast about for a subject characteristic of the time. The tutorial side of the art is apt to suggest itself, and his is an aspect worthy of some consideration.

The teacher of music is the perpetuator of the art, the unostentatious but essential factor to is existence. Of the many worthy men and women who quietly spend their lives in the pedagogical avenues of the art, seeking no publicity, and finding their reward in the progress of their pupils, much might be said.

The sacrifices which such a sort of life involves are no less severe because unheard of and silent. How many a young aspirant has dreamed of a virtuoso's or composer's career, only to find technique blunted and imagination dulled in the daily grind of lessons, lessons, lessons!

Some day we shall have travelling scholarships for our Canadian singers and players, or mayhap a *prix de Rome* for our budding composers.

When a miniature nation like Finland can grant its chief maker of music, Jean Sibelius, an annuity of one thousand dollars, is it too soon for Canada to do something to help develop a school of native composers?

It is a favorite argument to say that composers are more productive and thrive better under hardships, but one has only to read the lives of the great masters, from Beethoven down, to realize that the Princelings, Dukes and Electors of those days played a very necessary part in materially encouraging the cultivation of the musical art.

* * *

A very interesting biographical sketch of Dr. Albert Ham appears in the London, Eng., Musical Times, of Sept. 1st, and coupled with the same is a warm appreciation of Dr. Ham's church work from the pen of the Very Rev. Edward A. Welch, Rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, since 1890, who has recently been appointed Dean of Wakefield. In his encomium of Dr. Ham, the Rev. Mr. Welch remarks: "He succeeds in making average Ontario boys, whose voices are harsh, and whose pronunciation is often atrocious, sing like boys of an English college chapel or cathedral choir."

Surely, Mr. Welch, it is unnecessary to cast reproach upon our Canadian choir-boys in order to succeed in paying a compliment to Dr. Ham.

* * *

Still another arrangement of Lavallee's melody has appeared to make a bid for popular favor. The words, by Grant Balfour, possess the felicity and imagination usually characterizing the work of this writer; while the harmonization, from the pen of M. M. Stevenson, has the merit of a sturdy simplicity which should make the composition a very useful number for our smaller choral organizations. The title is "Canada, Dominion of the North," and the publishers are Whaley, Royce & Co. It is to be devoutly hoped, however, that we are not threatened with a grist of "O, Canada" arrangements *ad nauseam*.

* * *

The rehearsals of the Mendelssohn Choir were resumed on Tuesday evening of last week, the auxiliary chorus of 250 children beginning their work under Mr. Davies the following day. The chorus entered with much enthusiasm upon the season's study of the important works which are to be produced under the auspices of the Mendelssohn Choir this year, the principal of which being Brahm's superb "German Requiem" and Pierne's brilliantly dramatic legend, "The Children's Crusade." The conductor of the society attaches much importance to the work of the carefully selected auxiliary choir of children in this, the first local association of young singers with an adult choir in a profound work of great complexity and comprehensiveness.

The question of out-of-town concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir this year, concerning which so many pressing invitations are being received from across the border, is being considered by the chorus, and a definite announcement may be expected regarding the matter at an early date.

* * *

The various departments of instruction at the Toronto Conservatory of Music have all opened most auspiciously, and although still early in the season, a large number of students are enrolled. Many of these are from the North-western provinces, in which direction the reputation of the Conservatory seems to be steadily increasing, examinations at over twenty Western local centres having been successfully conducted in July last. Graduates and advanced students desirous of securing suitable "openings" are therefore in touch with the entire Western country through the establishment of the many local centres. There are many new names upon the teaching list, the piano department in particular having been augmented to the number of fifty-four. The vocal department, comprising twenty-one efficient instructors, is conveniently graded from ten to sixty dollars per term, and is particularly adequate this season. For the younger pupils the Myers Music Method provides a sound rudimentary course both in kindergarten and in various allied branches of piano instruction, including the Virgil Clavier. Another equally valuable and popular feature is the extremely useful Sight-Singing classes. The timely awakening in Toronto of interest in orchestral work has been met with corresponding activity on the part of the Conservatory, which has recently arranged for scholarships in wind instruments and also announces among the numerous Free Advantages, ensemble classes for orchestral practice. The Conservatory String Orchestra will re-assemble early in October and give its usual concert during the winter. These are all excellent opportunities for young players who wish to become efficient members of any orchestra, and who are thereby introduced to the best class of music. The Conservatory opened on Sept. 1st, but pupils can enter at any date.

By all indications the share to be taken by this leading institution in the musical annals of Toronto during the coming season will not be a light one.

* * *

The new High Park Presbyterian Church choir will have seating capacity for 40 singers, of whom 24 are already on the list. Choristers, especially tenors and contraltos, desiring membership may communicate with W. Preston MacHenry, Dominion Chambers Music Studios, corner of College St. and Spadina Ave., on Saturday afternoon and Monday evenings. The present organization is advancing rapidly in general efficiency, and special work will be taken up for the opening of the new church. Mr. MacHenry, the musical director, obtained his education under Signor Cortisi, vocal master of the Royal Musical Institute, Florence, Italy; Mr. O'Sullivan, of the Guildhall School of Music, London, England; and Clarence Eddy, the organist of international fame.

* * *

Mr. Ernest J. Seitz, the gifted young pianist whose recitals last season and whose participation in the Conservatory closing concert were among the most brilliant performances by any of our local pianists, has opened a studio at the Dominion Bank Chambers, corner Spadina and College. Mr. Seitz, who applies the same principles in his piano teaching which have been productive of such unusually practical results in the pedagogical work of his master, Dr. A. S. Vogt, will receive a limited number of piano pupils and will also be open for engagements for recitals. Mr. Seitz will be a real acquisition to the professional ranks of the musicians of Toronto.

* * *

Robert Stuart Pigott, who has recently been appointed Instructor in Elocution in Victoria College, will give a recital of Tennyson's Maud in the Greek Theatre of The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, at 8.15, the evening of the 8th of October, the anniversary of the poet's death. This year is also the centenary of his birth. The recital consists of readings and twelve songs, music by Arthur Somervell. Mrs. Gerard Barton will be at the piano.

* * *

Miss Olive Belyea, a pupil of Dr. Ham and a graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has been appointed to the staff of St. Margaret's College, in the Singing Department.

* * *

Miss Gladys Noxon, a graduate of the Conservatory School of Expression, left Wednesday evening for Winnipeg to fill an engagement for a concert tour through Western Canada.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

The following programme was given by pupils of Dr. F. H. Torrington in the College Hall, Saturday, Sept. 18: Piano—Beethoven, "Sonata Pathetique," Bessie Maile; Mendelssohn, "Spring Song," Helena Dalton; (a) Concone, "La Frileuse," (b) Prudent, "Le Reve d'ariel," Rena Bake; Liszt, "Rigoletto," Marian porter. Vocal—Sullivan, "The Lost Chord," Penelope Young; Verdi, "Cavatina Tacea la notte," Clara Jeffrey; Vanzano, "Magnetic Valse," Olive Casey; Bellini, "Cavatina, Casta Diva, Norma Casey; Arditi, Valse, "Il Bacio," Margaret Casey.

Miss Marie C. Strong, who has recently returned from abroad, has resumed teaching at her studio, 15 King street east. While in England and on the continent, Miss Strong had the pleasure of meeting many musical and literary people.

Journalism, Local and Otherwise.

THE Saturday News of Edmonton says:

When Lord Northcliffe addressed the newspaper men in Edmonton the other day, he urged that they should give more attention to imperial and international problems in their columns. Later Premier Rutherford told them that their papers were too severely local. Yet with all due deference to these distinguished men, the country publisher probably know a good deal better than they do what the readers want. The perils of launching out too much on affairs of world-wide interest are well illustrated by the case of that sunniest of Sunny Alberta's journalistic guides, philosophers and friends, "H. D.," he of the Cabbage Patch at Beaver Lake, who writes for the Vegreville Observer. In the last issue of the Observer he has this to say:

"Dan tells me there are quite a lot of Observer readers down in Renfrew and they are not satisfied with me. I don't give enough local items; I deal too much in generalities, metaphysics and philosophy. This does not interest them. What they want to know is what Jim is getting for his breakfast, who's sweet on who, and when baby cuts its first tooth. Unfortunately these events frequently occur outside of my knowledge. I would suggest to my neighbors that when anything of this kind should be brought before the notice of their eastern friends, (especially who's sweet) that they drop me a cable. One long, three short, one long, and down it goes."

If all the disquisitions of a general character that found their way into the country press were on a par with those which come from Beaver Lake, there would be few who would join in such protests as that which originated in Renfrew. But "H.D." is in a class by himself. The best part of most district papers, both for the local and the general reader, is that which has to do with the every-day life of the people.

The anthologies of English verse promise to make a huge library by themselves. A full and formidable collection is to be added to the Oxford Poets Series, the title selected for the volume being the imposing one of "The Pageant of English Poetry." The collection is one of 1,150 poems and three hundred poets are represented. They appear in alphabetical order. Among the indexes is a subject index which adds to the usefulness of the book as a work of reference.

Elder—"Sarah, don't you know that you should fly from Drink, the tempter?"

Sarah (not too well pleased)—"Flee yersel'."

Elder—"Oh, Sarah, I have flown."

Sarah—"Aweel, I think ye'll be nane the waur o' anither flutter.—Manchester Guardian.

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LORD Charles Beresford while in Toronto said:

"I was passing down York street this evening on my way to the launch, dressed just as I am now, you know—looking pretty important—when a lady I don't remember ever to have been introduced to in my life stopped and looked at me.

"'Helloa, Charley, you're looking well to-night,' she called at me.

"On an occasion in England I was running as member for St. John's Wood, and I was driving through that region in company with the Prince of Wales, now the King. We had a four-in-hand, and I was handling the ribbons. Suddenly as we were driving along, one of the women of the district stopped on the walk and yelled out so loud every one, of course, heard it: 'W'y hello, Chawley, I see you have Wiles with you this morning.'

"The Prince of Wales turned to me, after taking a look at the character of the district, and remarked to me:

"'You seem to be very well known here.'

"'Oh, yes, you know, this is my constituency,' I replied. Be it known to those that don't know it that that section has something of a reputation for toughness."

Willie: "The Smiths are a kind of relation of ours. Our dog is their dog's brother."—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

LOVE of country is so fine a virtue that it seems difficult to carry it to excess. A resident of a small village in the north of Scotland paid a business visit to London the other day. He happened to call on a merchant who was unknown to him, but had once made a stay in his native place. In the course of conversation the visitor made use of an expression that led the other to exclaim: "Surely you come from Glen McLuskie!"

The assertion, however, was denied. Presently, to the merchant's surprise, another Glen McLuskie expression was heard.

"My dear Mr. McTavish, I feel convinced that you are a Glen McLuskie man after all," insisted the merchant.

"Weel," returned the other, "I'll no' deny it any longer."

"Then why didn't you say so at first?" demanded the Englishman.

"Weel," was the calm response, "I dinna like to boast o' it in London."

* * *

LITTLE Eleanor's mother was an Irish-American, while her father was a German.

One day after Eleanor had been subjected to rather severe disciplinary measures at the hands of her father, she called her mother into another room, closed the door significantly, and said: "Mother, I don't want to meddle in your business, but I wish you'd send that husband of yours back to Germany."

* * *

DR. HALE and the late Bishop Huntington of New York were fast friends. The latter had been a Unitarian and his shift caused a sensation. The Episcopalians have saints assigned to the various days in the year.

When an Episcopalian minister writes a letter on any day for which there is a saint, he always writes the name of the saint at the close of the letter instead of the date. Bishop Huntington learned all these things quickly, and began to practice them at once.

The first time he had occasion to write to his old friend, Dr. Hale, after joining the church, he placed "St. Michael's Day" after his signature.

A reply from the doctor came, and after his name he had written in a full, round hand, "Wash day."

* * *

A CONDUCTOR and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Eurelia. Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor yell:

"Your're a liar! You're a liar!

And then from the brakeman at the other end of the car:

"You really are! You really are!"

* * *

THE young benedict was experiencing his first trouble. "My wife," he said, "is so exceedingly nervous at night. She scarcely sleeps."

"Burglars?" queried the old married man.

"Yes."

"Well, you have to expect that. My wife was that way. Every time she heard a noise downstairs she'd rout me out and chase me down to investigate. After a time, however, I convinced her that if a burglar ever did get into the house he wouldn't make any noise at all."

"Clever! I'll try that."

"Don't do it," pleaded the old one, "for if your wife's anything like mine she'll turn right about and worry every time she doesn't hear a noise downstairs."

* * *

A COLORED man was brought before a Police Magistrate charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the Judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog loose in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be no use, Judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain dis thing to yo'-all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full of shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef yo' want to engage in any rascality, Judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."

* * *

THE youthful author pocketed his rejected verses, but he could not swallow the editor's criticism.

"Sir," said he, not without dignity, "a poet is born, not made."

"Young man," returned the editor blandly, "it won't help your case to try to shift the blame on to your parents!"

* * *

DR. DRURY, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, tells an amusing story of a visit he once paid to a friend of his. At the station he found a carriage waiting for him, so he jumped in and closed the door. But the carriage did not move, and Dr. Drury sat still for some time wondering what was amiss.

At last he put his head out of the window and asked the coachman what he was waiting for.

"Well, sir," replied the coachman, touching his hat, "I was told to wait for the Bishop of Sodor and Man. You've arrived, sir, but where is your man?"

* * *

A RAGGED but confident urchin approached a well-dressed woman on the street the other day.

"Are youse de lady dat has de prize purp?" he asked.

"I am the owner of Pasquita, winner of the blue ribbon for three consecutive years, if that's what you mean."

"Dat's it. Well, I lives at de lower end of de avenyer, and dis is me purp, Runt, and de boys have raised a purse of two dollars and twenty-eight cents dat says he's de champeen of dis ward. Now, if youse don't let yer purp an' him fight widin two weeks, de title goes to Runt by default."

John: "I'll bring you a fork, sir."
The Customer: "What for?"
John: "The cheese, sir."
The Customer: "A fork's no good. Bring a revolver!"—From The Sketch.

* * *

A COLLEGE graduate, after years of almost unbelievable misfortunes, decided to appeal to a classmate who had been very successful. He sought out the rich banker and was soon escorted into his presence. The banker, impressed by the signs of suffering and misfortune, in both the face and clothing of his old associate, said in a shocked manner:

"Goodness man, what has happened to you?"

The unfortunate one began to tell his story. He passed from one disaster to another. He told of the loss of his wife, of the unfortunate speculation that had left him penniless, of broken health, of the death of his only son, and of his futile search for employment. As the tale unfolded, the banker's eyes began to dim with tears. His shoulders shook with sobs. He arose and walked unsteadily to a bell. A porter entered in response to the summons, and the banker said to him huskily:

"James, throw this man out. He is breaking my heart."

* * *

MME. MELBA, at a dinner recently told a story of a little son of wealthy parents.

"He stopped at a New York hotel with his tutor and governess," she said, "and one night the two guardians went to the opera, leaving him alone in his apartment with his toys.

"About 9 o'clock his bell rang furiously. He didn't understand the telephone, and one of the assistant managers hurried to his suite and knocked.

"'Did you ring, sir?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said the little fellow. 'Please send some one to hear me say my prayers.'"

* * *

A BACKWOODSMAN from Tennessee came to New York City for the first time. He stopped at a Broadway hotel which is pretty well downtown.

Next morning his nephew, who lives in New York, came to take him out and show him the sights. They walked down Broadway until they got to Canal street. The Tennesseean stopped and contemplated the great congestion of traffic there, hundreds of trucks going every way.

"Son," he said to his nephew, "you have a nice city here, but it 'pears to me that your folks is a hull passel behind in their haulin'."

* * *

OSCAR COPP, who is separated from his wife, was in the municipal court at Kansas City the other day charged with taking Mrs. Copp's money for dissipation.

"Where do you work?" asked the Judge.

"I've been working in the wheat fields of Kansas."

"Do they head the wheat or bind it out there?"

"They bind some, but head most of it."

"When does headed wheat go through the sweat?"

"In the stack."

"When does shocked wheat go through the sweat?"

"After it is threshed."

"Which end of a horse and which end of a cow gets up first?"

"The forequarters of a horse and the hind quarters of a cow."

"You've worked on a farm, I see. Go back to work and leave your wife alone."

* * *

AS a country physician was driving through a village, he saw a man amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor pulled up and said:

"My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog that way? I can't teach mine a single trick?"

The man looked up, with a simple rustic look and replied: "Well, you see it's this way; you have to know more'n the dog, or you can't learn him nothin'."

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Lady Gay's Column

THE proposal to form a travellers' anti-tipping society, which saw light during the silly season this summer, seems to have died an garded death. I heard of it on train in July, and was interested the views expressed about the pro- by the people much concerned, Pullman car porters. It seemed ea had been advanced, and com- probably by one and the same in search of something to fill column in dull times, and there mild consternation among the men who brush the dust off coats and hats upon our clean shirt-waists, and they were loud and deep in their hopes that the anti-tip- society would come to naught. wonder if it did evaporate, or is there anything doing to keep it alive? The pros and cons have been so often thrashed out that one wearies of considering them. It's certainly up to the public, for no one can expect the ways to forbid tipping, unless they compensate their employes by the towal of a living wage, which they are not, of course, pining to do! Personally, I haven't the least objection to giving the customary tip to a porter who is civil and obliging, as nine out of ten are; to the tenth I give the cut direct, as he deserves. But the tip is a hold-up. There is nothing to justify it but the traveller's sentiment, founded on the fact that the porter's wages are very meagre, and he needs the money. That the traveller has already paid the company an outside price for his sleeping accommodation with the inclusive service of a man to put it in order, no one denies; is it for the brush-off, the sticky shoe-shine, or in the case of the woman traveller, just nothing at all, that the quarter passes from hither to thence? The porter sometimes lifts one's kit-bag from car to platform, for which service all over England, one hands him twopence; why, in this country of less money and more independence, one should hand him twelve-pence ha'penny is what needs looking into. And I hear it's going to get it!

*

One week of the past summer's vacation stands out as the perfection of rest and comfort, the week at Glen cottage in the little town of Dalhousie, by the salt waters of Baie de Chaleur. Dalhousie has had its ups and downs in the way of progress, and a queer tale belongs to its past, but it is an ideal place in which to lose count of time, and forget that there is a world in which little boys come for "copy" and copy must be ready for them! Dalhousie, straggling along the south shore of the bluest bay in Canada, its quiet streets, its cows with tinkling bells, harried by small boys exhorting them to "get on," to or from the pasture and the milking place; its dewy mornings and gorgeous sunsets, its boats and beaches and tides, and quaint little shops, and its ghosts and stories of mishap or adventure by sea and shore. A week only gives one a taste of Dalhousie, a peep at its beauties of hill and dale and sea, and a week at Glen cottage gives one much more than a taste of its various good things, lordly salmon, delicious lobster, tender chickens, and eggs laid while you wait! The guardian angels at Glen cottage need no loud trumpet to spread abroad their gifts; one speaks with enthusiastic retrospect of the delicious things they concoct from ordinary edibles, and the beaming pleasure they take in your pleasure therein. There are tramps about Dalhousie which one absolutely must take, or risk the consequences of indolent over-feeding. There are drives through odorous spruce woods and boat trips to marvellous beaches where one may any day pick up an agate fit for a handsome brooch, or a dozen such treasure-trove from the restless sea. Away across the blue water, in which it is a joy to paddle and bathe, stretches the shore of Gaspe, hill-side and jagged top line, with the great cloven "Tracadie Gache" far to eastward and a rushing river to westward. The famous Restigouche, where the salmon that has no peer makes his haunt. Tracadie Gache, with its riven side, becomes one's first and last look out of Dalhousie, to be remembered when less remote and more beautiful things have been forgotten. Among the many charming spots I discovered this year, on the line of the Intercolonial, Dalhousie has a front place, and Glen cottage a fragrant memory.

We had six wonderful days away up the east side of the Tenth Island —days when the rain never wearied dashing upon the small panes of the window in the spotless square kitchen, when the wind never ceased whipping the drive of rack faster and faster up the coast, and when from the parlor window we saw nothing but the rocky village street, the drenched fishermen and women and girls with skirts wound tight about their toiling limbs as they faced the storm in what they call "uncivil" weather. The harbor was full of boats, storm bound, and the boats were full of incensed passengers, bound up or down the coast, or off on a summer jaunt to the Labrador, or just fishermen who were wasting precious days because of the big wind. And one of those days there came a lull and deceitful promise of fine weather and we, the girl and I, lost no time in securing a weird beast and a weirder wagon, and taking our way down the coast to a beauty-spot miles away, where the boom of the great rollers was like cannon in battle, and the rush and foam and green water in the sunlight something beyond compare. A tiny child was leading two growing girls along the cliff path; the two girls were blind students, home for their holiday, and the tiny child's face was grave with responsibility. We found a strawberry bed and picked a couple of quarts of fine berries, spoils of war to be borne home in triumph, their owner gladly giving us the freedom of her garden, in return for certain coin of the island. Talking of coin reminds me that one day I received in change a very grubby scrap of paper on which was printed and written "To the Commissioner of Public charities, St. John's. Please pay Widow George Dyke three dollars on account of Permanent Poor, quarter ending September 30, 1909. John Roper, relieving officer." This little bit of paper was currency, but somehow I was uneasy in my mind until I had changed it for dollar notes. The widow George Dyke had no trouble in cashing it, and neither had I, but I've often wondered what little or big tragedy its meagre lines suggested.

On the Mira River, A few miles from Sydney, C. B.

*

A correspondent has asked for some books about the Bras d'Or Lakes. A couple of Yankee women struck Baddick some years ago, and hired a camp wagon and horse with which they made an amusing pilgrimage into the far country to the north. They had a grand time, and one of them, Margaret Morley, wrote "Down North and Up-along," in a sprightly *resume* of their experiences. Long ago, Charles Dudley Warner, of happy memory, visited Baddeck, and his "Baddeck, and that sort of thing" makes delightful reading. Frank Boles wrote "From Blomidon to Smokey," and there are doubtless other equally fascinating tales of trips far and near among the salt water ways of lovely Cape Breton, and one hears enough stories, legends, strange occurrences in a summer holiday to keep one writing for months.

*

One fair day stands out in my memory, when I had hours of sunlit contemplation of Sydney and its environs. All the morning I drove through the pretty country roads, and all the afternoon I sat lazily looking from my window over the harbor at the fairest sight one can see of a summer day, the yachts racing in a wind just strong and steady enough. Sydney harbor seems planned for an event of this sort, and Sydney hotel has (when one knows) certain windows exactly placed for viewing a race of the "white wings." I take great comfort in Sydney hotel, which is a place of pleasant rooms and good cooking—very grateful at the end of a long train journey, or after a sojourn in a certain dear island, where hotels are few and far between and boarding houses of uncertain quality. That first day of the sailing races last July at Sydney was a thing perfect in its way; one forgot the strike close at hand, the unpleasantness of it, and sometimes the tragedy, and enjoyed the blessed sunshine and the sea and the bonnie craft a-sailing!

LADY GAY.

Adventures of a Woman Explorer

MRS. FRENCH SHELDON, the first woman explorer to be a member of the Royal Geographical Society, has had dozens of hair-breadth escapes and hair-raising adventures during her recent travels through Congo and Liberia. She has spent practically all her life in travel and exploration. To a representative of M. A. P., of London, Mrs. Sheldon told the following story of one of her experiences in East Africa:

One takes adventures as all in the day's work. I have had a native bridge give way and precipitate me into a torrent seventy feet below; I have been shot twice, by accident each time; I have had an Arab slave-dealer, with whose operations I had interfered, try to abduct me—he died suddenly, not at my hand, though when he fled from my tent, into which he had crawled, he took a bullet with him as a memento; I have had at least sixty proposals of marriage from native sultans, kings and chiefs—not that they loved me for myself, but simply thought that the acquisition of the Bebe Bwana (Little Mammy) would add to their prestige. . . . . .

One adventure, however, is worth relating, for the singular way in which I was delivered from a very tight fix. I was making a forced march in East Africa. Water, as usual, was the difficulty. There was water to be had in occasional stagnant pools among the rocks, but it was death to drink it. Drinkable water lay twenty-five miles ahead at Mount Moreau. I had given the strictest orders that none of my train, which, spread out in single file, extended for a mile, should fall out to drink from wayside pools, and for a time my influence prevailed. But at last we came to a spot where there was water, or rather concentrated poison, and my men rebelled. The leaders threw down their loads, pointed to their bleeding feet and to the water, and announced that they could and would not move another yard. The situation was difficult. To let them drink meant the failure of the expedition, to say nothing of the loss of all my authority. I had none to help me; my head man was a mile back, shepherding the rear of the caravan. I could not wait for his assistance, for when a native defies you, you must deal with him instantly and ruthlessly. Every second meant fresh arrivals and the spread of mutiny.

Whenever I have to address savages I always do so from a higher level than they are on. If there is a box or a rock available I stand on it; if not, I order two of my own servants to make a back for me, and, perched on this human platform, I deliver my ultimatum. This "arrogance," if you like so to call it, has greatly helped to maintain that prestige, that fear of me as a supernatural being, without which I should have been lost many times over. Well, on this occasion I mounted a convenient rock and harangued the rebels, at first, in tones of reason, pointing out that death lurked in the water about them, promising that we should reach Mount Moreau by 2 a.m.—it was then 4 p.m.—and that there they should have plenty of water, plenty to eat, and three days' rest. They remained defiant, and my fate hung in the balance. Changing my tone to wrath, I whipt out my two revolvers, leveled them at the heads of the ringleaders, and told them that if by the time I had counted five the caravan was not once more on the move I should shoot them where they stood.

"One," I began. "Two"—they stood their ground. "Three"—there were signs of wavering, but they were showing far more stubbornness than I liked. "Four" trembled on my lips, when from an adjacent forest flew out a great whistling eagle, the sacred bird of those parts. Up he soared, and flew toward me. The sportsman awoke in me; I forgot the eminent peril of my situation, forgot to continue my counting. One revolver ceased to cover the mutineers and gradually swung upward. Crack! and the great bird stopped, sank, and fluttered down till he fell literally at my feet. The natives might well have been enraged at my destruction of the sacred bird; instead, they took it for convincing proof of my magical powers and supernatural origin. In a very few seconds the loads were readjusted and the caravan on the march once more.

The Chinese prefer to designate foreign nations by monosyllabic names, and some two thousand years ago christened the Japanese nation "Wa," meaning "the submissive people." This was about the time that the Japanese sun was added to the dragon flag of China, when it was proposed that the dragon should devour the sun. The fact that the dragon did not, and that the Japanese have proved anything but submissive, has not disturbed the conservative Chinese, and the sun has remained on the flag in a position to be readily swallowed, and the name remains the same, with the exception that in the course of the centuries the vowel "a" changed to "o," and the name is now "Wo." This term was used in the Chinese declaration of war of 1894. Japan prefers Ji Pen (hence Japan), meaning the Land of the Rising Sun. England is known to the Chinese as Yink kwo or "the flourishing country," kwo meaning country or nation. France is Fa kwo, "the law-abiding country." Germany, known as Twa kwo, is "the virtuous country," and Italy is I kwo, or "the country of justice." The United States is the Mel kwo, or "beautiful country."

"It makes you look small," said the saleslady to the elephantine woman who was trying on a hat.

Sold!

"It makes you look plump," she said to the cold, attenuated damsel.

Sold!

"It makes you look young," she said to the fair, fat and forty female.

Sold!

"It makes you look older," she said to the slate-and-sums miss.

Sold!

"It brings out your color," she said to the feminine ghost.

Sold!

And, of course, all the hats were exactly alike.—Sketch.

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ALTHOUGH only 30 years of age, Mr. Jordan has already amassed a large fortune, and is recognized as one of the shrewdest business men in Canada. He started life practically without a penny, but even his schoolmates recall his ambition and determination to succeed. When he entered upon his business career he quickly saw the advantage of being well dressed, and ever since attaining manhood he has been most scrupulous about his personal appearance.

"I am convinced," he remarked, "that my determination to always dress well and stylishly has helped me materially in any success that I have attained. I consider that every dollar I have spent in good clothes has brought me big dividends. Many young men lack confidence and aggressiveness, and therefore are never successful, simply because they are conscious of their neglect to dress as they should if they wish to mingle with successful men—99 out of 100 of whom are very careful about their attire."

It may be of interest to note that Mr. Jordan is generally considered by competent judges to be "the best dressed man in Canada." He is still unmarried, and in his wardrobe will be found many 20th Century Brand Garments, as tailored by The Lowndes Company, Limited, Toronto. In the particular photo reproduced above he is wearing a 20th Century Brand suit—style M-6.

SOCIETY

THE marriage of Miss Neilena Kerr, daughter of Mr. John Kerr, of Nemo Hall, Petrolea, to Dr. E. Ethelbert Hardy, of Toronto, will take place on Thursday, October 7.

The marriage of Miss Clara Smith, second daughter of the late James E. Smith, and Captain J. Drummond Mackay, son of the late Donald Mackay, will take place quietly on Monday, October 4, at half-past two o'clock, in St. James' Cathedral.

Mrs. P. D. B. Evans, of Winnipeg, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones on Saturday evening.

Miss Helen Davidson is expected home from England to-day.

The J. C. Eaton mansion on Ravenswood property is advancing rapidly and bids fair to rear a very imposing front on that ideal residential spot, Davenport Hill.

Miss Violet Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, is to be a debutante this autumn.

Mrs. Geo. T. Denison has sent out cards for an at-home on Tuesday, October 5, at Heydon Villa.

THE ADMIRAL'S VISIT.

Few notables, who have come to Toronto of late years, have made such a favorable impression upon the public as Lord Charles Beresford—the Admiral's genial personality winning for him friends wherever he went. Some of these friends are now congratulating themselves on the possession of a very handsome souvenir of the Admiral's visit in the form of a photograph which, everyone who has seen it says, is a remarkably good likeness. Lord Beresford posed for this photo at the Kennedy Studios, 107 King Street West, Toronto. He had other photographs taken at the same Studio—showing the Admiral with his little God-son, Charles Beresford Mellville. These photographs are now on view in the window of the Kennedy Studios, and are attracting considerable attention.

TOASTING AT THE TABLE.

In many homes 'tis now the thing to use an electric toaster at the table. "Milady" has the appliance at her left, usually with the electric coffee percolator at her right, and serves the toast as desired. Crisp, dainty, warm toast is the result. The electric toasters are sent to the homes of the customers of the local electric light company on five days' trial, free. Phone Main 3975.

MURRAY'S MILLINERY OPENING.

Beauty in Headwear, Mantles and Dress Goods—New Ideas in Every Department.

Watteau's pictures, in life-size scenery, reproduced in Murray's windows, are not the only attractions that the enterprising firm of W. A. Murray & Company have offered to delight the visitor's eye on the event of their fall opening. Throughout the store novel and effective arrangements of flower and foliage, in gorgeous autumn tints, add a realism to the occasion.

In the millinery department is perhaps centred the most picturesque interest, as hats are the daintiest and the earliest purchases in the autumn toilette.

Murray's lead in millinery. Their imported models are always strikingly beautiful, and their own hats are faithful in line and color to the laws of style. The Murray styles are large and heavy-looking, even the turbans being extremely large and substantial. The shapes are known as Cavalier, with high brim turned up at side; the Napoleon style, some with wide flat brim, with lower crown. The word "military" might describe the styles, for there are also the Cossack and the Shako styles. Hats are worn more over the brow, and not so low at the back, this season.

The materials in millinery as exhibited by Murray's offer a very wide range of choice, as the fashion is more for covered hats and less for felts. Velvet, as ever, is popular; then the beaver and hatter's plush are leading favorites. Moire silk, satin finished goods, broadcloth, chiffons and nets are also proper.

During Mrs. Humphrey Ward's recent visit to America she was entertained at dinner. She was taken in by a well-known lawyer, who, to make conversation, said to her: "Don't you think that American women are the most completely dressed of any in the world?" "Yes." she admitted, "especially as the wardrobe of most of them includes a divorce suit."

In her San Jose home Mrs. Duval was idly running over the keys of the piano when she was interrupted by little Helen. "Please, mother, play my favorite hymn." "Why, dear," asked the mother, "what is your favorite hymn?" "Why you ought to know, mother—'Onward Christian Science.'"

Reporter—"Senator, to what do you chiefly attribute your successful career?"

Eminent Statesman—"Entirely to heredity, young man. I deserve no credit for it whatever. My father had ambition and my mother had talent, and I happened to inherit both those qualifications."—Chicago Tribune.

Think of all the good Eskimo dogs that have offered up their young lives as a sacrifice on the altar of North-Polar discovery!—Chicago Tribune.

JOHN KAY COMPANY, Limited

Fall Opening

An Invitation to Readers of Saturday Night

John Kay Company extend a cordial invitation to readers of Saturday Night to call and see their Fall importations of New Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Draperies, Wall Papers and Pottery.

The display includes very much that is distinctly uncommon and exclusive. It faithfully reflects the latest ideas in taste and fashion as related to the decoration and furnishing of the home, and is on that account well worth seeing even by those not immediately interested as purchasers.

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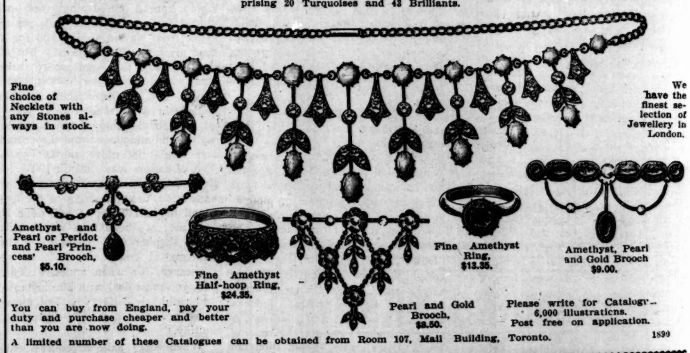

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THE DRAMA

(Continued from page 14.)

does not include the ever youthful Lillian Russell, but it still has "Bud," who is known in private life as Mr. Will Archie. And while there's "Bud," there's hope. The part of Mrs. Barrington, formerly played by Lillian the Great, will in this production be played by Miss Julia West. The play will run at the Grand all next week.

* * *

Next week at Shea's Theatre the bill will be headed by Dora, "The Girl in the Golden Globe," direct from the New York Hippodrome. The special attraction for the week will be Wm. H. Macart and Ethlynne Bradford, presenting "A Legitimate Hold-Up." Other features are Anna Laughlin, the dainty musical comedy star; Howard and North in "Back to Wellington"; Emma Francis and her Arabs; The Howard Bros.; "The Flying Banjos"; and the Kinetograph.

* * *

Consul, the famous monkey, who is said to act a good deal more like a Christian than a whole lot of humans, will be the star attraction on the bill at the Majestic Music Hall next week. Consul is so clever as to be somewhat uncanny, and he has been honored with the attention of a number of scientists. Some of the mere humans in the bill are: "The girl with the angel voice"; Billy Dillon, "the man with the thousand songs"; Salto Duo, dancers; Ina Claire, comedienne; and John Rice and Sally Cohen, in "Kleptomaniacs."

* * *

The patrons of the Gayety will next week be presented with Charles B. Arnold's "Serenaders." This year's company will include Bob Van Osten, whose pet name is "the duck-nose comedian," the reference being to his style of facial architecture when made up. Two farces are to be presented, "The People's Choice," and "A Day Clerk." There is also an extensive olio.

* * *

Robert B. Mantell will come to the Princess in repertoire the week after next. He will give among other Shakespearean productions "King John," in which he won the approval of the critics in New York. He will also play "Louis the Eleventh."

FIRST-NIGHTER.

Among the water-colors not in our gallery is one of Lieut. Peary embracing Dr. Cook.—New York Evening Mail.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

McNICHOL— At Toronto, on September 21, 1909, the wife of Mr. George D. McNichol, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BARNARD—McCALLUM—On September 18, 1909, at Hamilton, Edna Maria McCallum to Gall Tyrus Barnard of Chicago.

WHITE—BUCKHAM—On September 22, 1909, at Toronto, Jean Kirkwood Buckham, of New York, to James Herbert White, M.A., B.Sc.F., of Toronto.

DEATHS.

GRAY—In Goderich, on September 21, 1909, John Gray, in his 79th year.

DAVIS—On Monday, September 20, 1909, at Toronto, Elizabeth, widow of the late John Davis, in her 83rd year.

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Society at the Capital

ON Wednesday morning St. Andrew's Church was the scene of a very pretty though quiet wedding, when Miss Ottilie Isobel Wyld, youngest daughter of the late William Wyld, Esq., K.C., and Mrs. Wyld, of Cliff Street, became the wife of Mr. Philip Leslie Neame, of Portland, Oregon, son of L. H. Neame, Esq., of London, England. Particularly attractive decorations of white asters, intermingled with the bright golden rod and green foliage, were artistically arranged about the church, and Rev. Dr. Herridge performed the ceremony. It was a family wedding entirely, the invitations including only relatives. The bride was brought in and given away by her elder brother, Mr. Grier Wyld, and wore for going-away gown of grey cheviot made in princess effect and prettily braided, with yoke and sleeves of grey spotted net over chiffon. A coat of the same material had grey satin collar and cuffs and a large grey beaver hat was smartly trimmed with willow plumes and soft grey rosettes. She wore the groom's gift, a handsome gold watch bracelet and carried the conventional bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. Miss Kate Wyld, the bride's sister, was the only attendant, and was gowned in blue cheviot made with a pleated skirt and a long coat, under which was a very dainty blouse of blue net. A large blue picture hat with plumes and pink roses was most becoming. The groom's keepsake to her was also a gold watch bracelet. Mr. H. J. Heygate was best man, and Mr. "Ted" Devlin and Mr. Basil Soutter did duty as ushers and to them the bride presented gold safety pins with monograms. A short reception at Mrs. Wyld's residence, which was aglow with fragrant flowers, followed the ceremony, and Mr. and Mrs. Neame left later for their home in Portland, Oregon, travelling by way of Vancouver and Seattle.

Miss Louie Gemmill, bride-elect of this week, who is one of the handsomest and most popular girls in the Capital, and who will be sorely missed by her legion of friends here, was the honored guest of several farewell gatherings during the week. On Thursday Miss Morna Bate gave an extremely well-appointed luncheon for her, at which the other guests were Miss Bryce, of Edinburgh, Scotland, who is staying with Miss Gemmill just now; Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier and her guest, Miss Gladys Edwards, of Toronto; Mrs. Hamnett Hill, Jr.; Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Jr.; Mrs. Alex. Hill, Mrs. Clarence Burritt, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Katherine Moore, Miss Rose Fleck, Miss Claire MacCullough, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Hilda Murphy, Miss Phoebe Wright, Miss Vaughan Avery, Miss Hughson and Miss Irene Bate.

Miss MacLeod Stewart entertained at the tea-hour on Saturday in special honor of Miss Gemmill, and several additional bright little events are en train for the early part of the week to enable her many companions to wish her good luck, as well as au revoir. Lieut. James Gemmill, of the Royal Engineers, who has been with his Regiment for the past three years, arrived in Ottawa on Friday from England, having come out especially for his sister's wedding, and will remain for a six weeks' furlough with his mother at Cliffside.

Mr. and Mrs. Tevador Nachez, of London, England, have been the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriss for the past week, and in their honor several charming dinners have been given at Eranescliffe, one early in the week and another on Thursday, the latter of which had as guests Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mr. H. B. McGiverin, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Miss Doutre and Mr. W. A. Allan. Dr. and Mrs. Harriss with Mr. and Mrs. Nachez left on Friday for a visit to Toronto and Niagara Falls, and the English visitors expect to sail for their home on Thursday, the 23rd Sept. Dr. Harriss is arranging to take a trip to Australia, and expects to leave early in October.

Mrs. Percy White, of Plymouth, England, (who as Miss Kitty White was one of the Capital's most popular girls a very few years ago) arrived in town on Saturday with her little daughter and will remain with her parents, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Fred White, of Besserer Street, for some time.

Mr. Clement Peplar, of Toronto, who has recently been appointed Manager of the Dominion Bank here in place of Mr. Charles Thomas, has arrived in town. Mr. Thomas, who was particularly popular during his several years' residence in Ottawa, has been transferred to Victoria, B.C., and left for his new post early last week.

Gradually all the Cabinet Ministers and their families are returning to the Capital, the former to take up their parliamentary duties once more and the latter to revive the social round which has been dormant during the past two or three months. Sir Richard Cartwright arrived on Monday, the 20th, after a visit of over a month at Banff and Harrison Hot Springs, B.C., and Lady Cartwright and the Misses Cartwright are expected to return from their summer home in Kingston early in October, when their winter residence in O'Connor street will be reopened. Hon. W. S., Mrs., and the Misses Fielding are again in the Capital, having arrived on Saturday. Stadacona Hall will be occupied again at the end of the present month, when Sir Frederick, Lady, and Miss Elizabeth Borden will return from a visit of a couple of months in England. Hon. Allan and Mrs. Aylesworth, who have been summering abroad, expect to sail for Canada the first week in October, and have leased Mr. and Mrs. Roberts Allan's large residence in Daly avenue for the coming session.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Sept. 20, 1909.

A Story.

This poem is from a volume entitled "German Lyrists of To-day: a Selection of Lyrics from Contemporary German Poetry," published recently in London. The poems were done into English verse by Daisy Broicher.

HE knew her long and oft he saw her face
In dreams—on Sundays—when the evening church-bells
Like homeward longing in his heart were ringing,
And oft in silent nights.

He knew her long: her hair, her jet-black hair
And her austere and pallid beauty did he know,
And loved with the desireless affections
Of youthful love.

On yonder evening was it, then, when first
The weary summer to the fall was wending,
On yonder evening, looking up, he saw
As if by chance her hot and pallid hand
Did lie in passing on another's hand
Caressingly, just only once, and quite
As if by chance.

On yonder evening was it that at first
His blood for hers did cry, and for her hand,
Her pallid feverish hand, and for her lips,
And for her body.

Then ran he yearning through the ancient trees
And sank beneath them in the humid grass
And pressed his face into the humid grass
And longed for her.

And since that evening his whole life became
One longing only.

One poet, at least, has come to honor in his own country. A marble bust of the Manx poet, T. E. Brown, whose delicately beautiful verse is an inalienable part of English poetry, has just been unveiled at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, the Speaker of the House of Keys performing that duty. The Keys adjourned for the purpose of attending the ceremony in company with the Governor, Lord Raglan. It took place in the Town Hall, and the Mayor and Corporation were among those who listened to the panegyric on Brown, pronounced by the aforesaid Speaker of the House of Keys.

BIG GAME SEASON

Will soon be here. Secure publication, "Haunts of Fish and Game," containing full information, maps and game laws, free at City Ticket Office of Grand Trunk Railway System, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209, or address J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Uncle—"I hope you've been a good boy, Tommy."

Tommy—"Well, no—I haven't."

Uncle—"Dear, dear. I hope you haven't been very bad."

Tommy—"M'no! Just comfortable!"—London Opinion.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. C. D. Massey and Hon. R. Jaffrey.

The Oldest Love Letter.

A LOVE letter 4,000 years old has lately been discovered in Chaldea. The lady to whom it was addressed lived in Sippara, the Biblical Sepharvani. Her beloved was a resident of Babylon.

In chronicling this interesting discovery the Corriere della Sera of Rome calls attention to the fact that in contrast to the position which women hold at the present day in the Orient they possessed in antiquity a great degree of freedom.

In many respects the Oriental woman of antiquity was graced with as much privilege as is the modern European woman. Particularly in Chaldea she could participate in trade, manipulate her own property, be a witness before the court and be the guardian of her own children.

Of the position of women in Egypt we know less, but doubtless it was much higher than that of the present Mohammedan women. In one respect, however, it seems that custom has changed very slightly, for marriage was essentially an affair of trade between the parents of the bridegroom and those of the bride.

This is ascertained from the legal code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon, B.C. 2200. The future husband paid the price of the bride and her father provided for her dower and trousseau. Under these circumstances there was no such courtship as precedes marriage in accordance with Occidental ideas.

Still one may believe that many a love letter on papyrus or clay passed secretly between the hands of the bridal pair during the interval of their engagement. The newly discovered letter is written in clay and probably dates from 2200 B.C. It reads:

To the lady, Kasbuya (little ewe), says Gimil Marduk (the favorite of Morodach) this: May the Sun of God of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write wishing that I may know how your health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. Come in Marchesvan. May you live long for my sake.

Doubtless the summons to come in Marchesvan is based on the writer's wish that she may have an opportunity to share with him the festivals of that month and the gayety that comes with them. Though Egypt has so far failed to yield a single love letter, it can claim to have the most beautiful love songs, says the Literary Digest. Of all the nations of antiquity, it may most fittingly be called "the land of eternity." There death was only an incident of life, and woman was man's "beloved sister" as well in the "hidden land" as on earth.

This beautiful side of the Egyptian character is shown most clearly in the celebrated Song of the Harpist, of the year 2500 B.C., that probably was sung at the Egyptian festivals: "Graciously grant us days free from sorrow, Holy Father. Come nearer! Behold, ointments and perfumes bring we unto you; blossoms and lilies do we bring to adorn the neck of your sister—of her who lives in your heart, of her who sits there beside you. Come near finally. Music and song are greeting you. And the days of sadness—these have sunk away and radiant joy is smiling and will smile till the day on which you will pass into the land that loves eternal silence."

Brandes on His Financial Rewards.

IN a recent issue we quoted from an interview with George Brandes which seemed to throw an amazing light on the inadequacy of the financial remuneration accorded to a critic and literary historian of world-wide fame. Mr. Brandes has since corrected or modified some of the statements there recorded, but the facts that remain unchallenged are surprising enough. In a letter to Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, the author of the interview, Mr. Brandes writes that "there have crept into your article various errors and misunderstandings. To quote in part from this letter, which is published in The Bang (New York):

"I have never said that only forty copies of my books had been sold. The complete edition of my Danish writings have been subscribed for by no less than 6,000 people between 1899 and 1902, and naturally there were many, many editions of single books, previously and afterward . .

"The sales of my books in English and German have, as you say, decreased. . . There have been three editions of my complete works in Russian, but I never saw a kopeka. All my books have been translated into Polish, but I never received a penny. My 'Main Tendencies'—six volumes, published in Germany in nine large editions—did not net me a pfennig."

Mr. Brandes also states that 100,000 copies of one of his works were sold in the United States, and that not a cent of the proceeds found its way to his pocket. On inquiry the American publisher of this book explains that it was issued more than twenty years ago, and that the matter was negotiated not with the author but with his English publisher.

In regard to another passage of the interview which we quoted in these pages Mr. Brandes writes:

"Finally, how could I have said that I do not believe in progress? I would be an idiot. Technical progress and scientific progress have wrought more changes in my own lifetime than in all the years that have revolved from the days of Julius Cæsar to my own birth. I do not believe in progress in art, but in changing cycles of blossom and decay. We have created nothing greater than the ninth book of the 'Iliad,' or the sistine paintings of Michelangelo."

Wigg—"What kind of cigars does Closefist smoke?"

Wagg—"Well, when you light one of them you instinctively look around for the corned beef."—Philadelphia Record.

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How Actresses Catch Men

IN the course of an article in the October number of The Smart Set, George Jean Nathan indulges in some interesting and amusing observations on the subject of love and marriage as experienced by actresses. As to why so many men lose their heads and hearts to stageland ladies the writer says:

"Why are there so few old maids on the stage?"

"Because the stage doesn't want them."

"No. Because men have married them."

"It is the trite but true saying," said the actress, "that the stage is the greatest matrimonial bureau in the world." The number of proposals of marriage that the speaker has received during her brilliant theatrical career has been limited, as she once confidentially expressed it to one of her women friends, only by the number of names on her calling list.

"If I may be permitted to ask an equally worn out question," put in the novelist, "tell me just what there is about stage women that makes men, so many, many men, fall in love with them."

"Well, then," the lady began, "the biggest factor of all, I believe, is the unanalyzed, oft repeated element or glamour—the glamour that two years ago caused the eldest son of a noble British house to marry a musical comedy actress who, before her entrance into a Broadway chorus, had been scrubbing floors in a house near Madison Square.

"This glamour," she continued, "is in reality almost nothing. It exists to a great extent only in the mind of the man. His day's work is finished. He has put on evening clothes, finished a good dinner, swallowed a tingling cordial and feels great. He goes to the theater in what a hypnotist might term a submissive state. He expects the glamour and he gets it. He sees the actress looking her very best—as best as artful make-up and attractive costumes can make her. He hears her applauded by men in the same mood as he is—a fact that he does not stop to ponder over. He hears a fellow man say to a friend, 'She's a beauty.' He hears another say the same thing to his friend. And he begins to believe it.

"The man sees the actress during just the two and one-half hours of the day when she is at her best—and then at a distance; and distance certainly lends enchantment to an actress."

"Distance—and the photographer," meanly put in the other.

Here is the way Mr. Nathan accounts for the fact that actresses find the catching of men a very easy performance:

"I've heard them say that an actress's way of talking to a man has a lot to do with 'catching' him. Just what, dear lady, is meant by 'way of talking'?"

"Oh," she gurgled, "that's the easiest question you've asked me, and I'll let you into the secret. An actress, from her stage experience, has learned the psychology of audiences. She has learned what will make them smile, laugh, frown or cry. She has learned the difference between—well, the New York type of audience and the Boston type of audience, between the Chicago type of audience and the Los Angeles sort. Her professional experience has shown her each of their idiosyncrasies. And just as she has come to learn the moods of big groups of people and the way to cater to them, just so, as if by second nature, does she know how to get in touch with the moods and whims of the individual man. That's why the man feels that the actress understands him better than any girl he ever met—even after he has known her for only a few hours."

"Don't 'home girls' know those same tricks, though?" asked the novelist.

"Um-um," the actress said, shaking her head, "you'll find, generally, that they do not. It takes them weeks to get on a companionship basis with a man, where it takes an actress only hours. 'Home girls,' too, usually harp on one or two conversational subjects. They do not know the little 'familiarities' that the actress has rehearsed and can act out to perfection. They are unable to simulate a spirit of frankness as well as the actress; they are handicapped by chaperons—and show me the man who doesn't hate the chaperon—and they frequently have no other interest in life than to dress up. Then, also, they don't give a man as many competitors, or rivals, to fight against as a girl on the stage, and there's nothing that'll make a man fall more in love—and more quickly—than a lot of other fellows after the same girl."

Mr. Nathan also notes—and this is a very significant phase of the matter—that the papas and mammas of actresses are kept in the background, the customary role of stern parent being denied them. To quote another fragment of this article:

"Man doesn't get the opportunity of studying a woman on the stage at the close range he can study her sister who isn't on the stage," said a well-known actress recently in a discussion of the marriage possibilities of stage women. "After he has met the actress, their subsequent *tete-a-tetes* are usually after the theater, in the shadow of soft-shaded electroliers and in the sound of sweet music. He doesn't meet her at dinner with her family the way he does the 'home girl' and he doesn't come in touch with her homely mother or her poor, cranky father."

"You think, then, that parents are disillusioning?" asked the novelist.

"I should say they are," emphatically replied the actress, "especially the mas and pas of actresses. Of course there are exceptions, but you'll find pretty generally that a pretty actress's mother is anything but beautiful and of anything but an artistic nature. Then, too, her father may be—or may have been, until she started to earn big money—a butcher or a circus acrobat—eminently respectable professions, but hardly glamorous.

"An author I know," put in the novelist, "once wrote: 'The more I love you, the less I want to meet your kith and kin.'"

The lady smiled. "I'll wager he had one of us actresses in mind," she said.

In Deep Waters

(*Continued from page 9.*)

blood. His horse, you remember, was torn to pieces."

"Ah, true, poor fellow!" rejoined the general. "His was a rash but gallant act. It would have won promotion." And our commander turned away to listen to some matter brought to his attention by a fellow officer.

As we still sat drinking our coffee we could not help recurring to the probable fate of the brave youth, Heffron. "Oh, he's a goner, sure enough," said one of the brusque, outspoken ones, who find their relief in whatever company by promptly facing the worst. "Now, don't ye be too shure," observed an Irishman, a compatriot of the absent hero, and the speaker cocked his eye. "He ain't called *Heffron* fer nothin'. P'r'aps you fellows don't know 'at Heffron's the Irish fer h——l!"

And sure enough. The last cup of coffee had not been drunk when the prophetic words of our cheerful Milesian friend were fulfilled—to his and our vast joy. "Why, there, now, if that ain't Heffron himself," cried one of the boys. "But who all has he got with him?"

The moon had struggled out of the mist and showed the tall, alert figure of the young hospital assistant, followed by some twenty other men not so alert as he; in truth, some of them sank to the ground without word or greeting or of accounting for themselves. We quickly recognized them for those who had dropped behind in the exhausting river march. "Well, Heffron, how did you work it? We thought that your last call had come."

"Oh," said he, between sips of the freshly made coffee generously administered to the belated arrivals, "I just kep' on a-rollin', that was all. The Johnnies, they came up almost as soon as you'd got down the bank. I'd been a little done out by the compliment they paid me for my politeness in inquirin' who they were. I was a mite faint, in fact, but I came to in time to give myself another little roll into the shade of the trees as they came up, an' there I stayed till they went by. Wa'n't they mad, though, when they couldn't find you! Then I got down the bank and crept along, sometimes in the water, and sometimes along the bank, where it was smooth enough. An' I was mighty glad I was there to bring up the rear; for if I hadn't been, question whether all these boys would ha' got together for this nice little reunion. . . . I think myself," he concluded, and he tossed up his borrowed captain's cap—"I think it's a pretty good start toward a company. What do you say, comrades?—Captain Heffron o' the Rear Brigade."

We agreed most heartily and gave three cheers to the new command in the form suggested by himself. It is pleasant to remember that not long after this he was duly commissioned as colonel.—Harper's Weekly.

Boy—Come quick! There's a man been fighting my father mor'n half an hour.

Policeman—Why didn't you tell me before?

Boy—'Cause father was getting the best of it till a few minutes ago.—Exchange.

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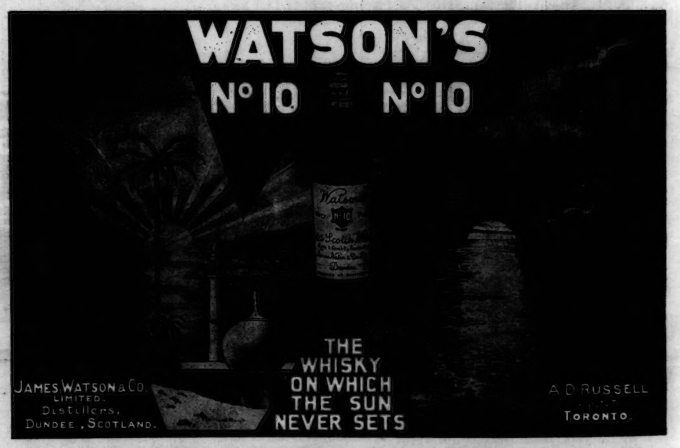

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